# The Outlook

MARCH 23, 1921

## OUR NAVAL POLICY

EDWIN DENBY was only seven hours old as Secretary of the Navy when he said in a speech at a dinner in Washington: "I want a fighting navy, a navy prepared for any contingency, a navy as large as that of any other country in the world."

Another Secretary of the same age—officially—followed Mr. Denby as a speaker. This was John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and later a member of its Board of Visitors. In the Spanish War he had commanded a division of our naval auxiliary force. In tactful but clear and cogent language he disagreed with his colleague, and declared that our Navy should be only as large as that of any nation with which this country may possibly be involved in war.

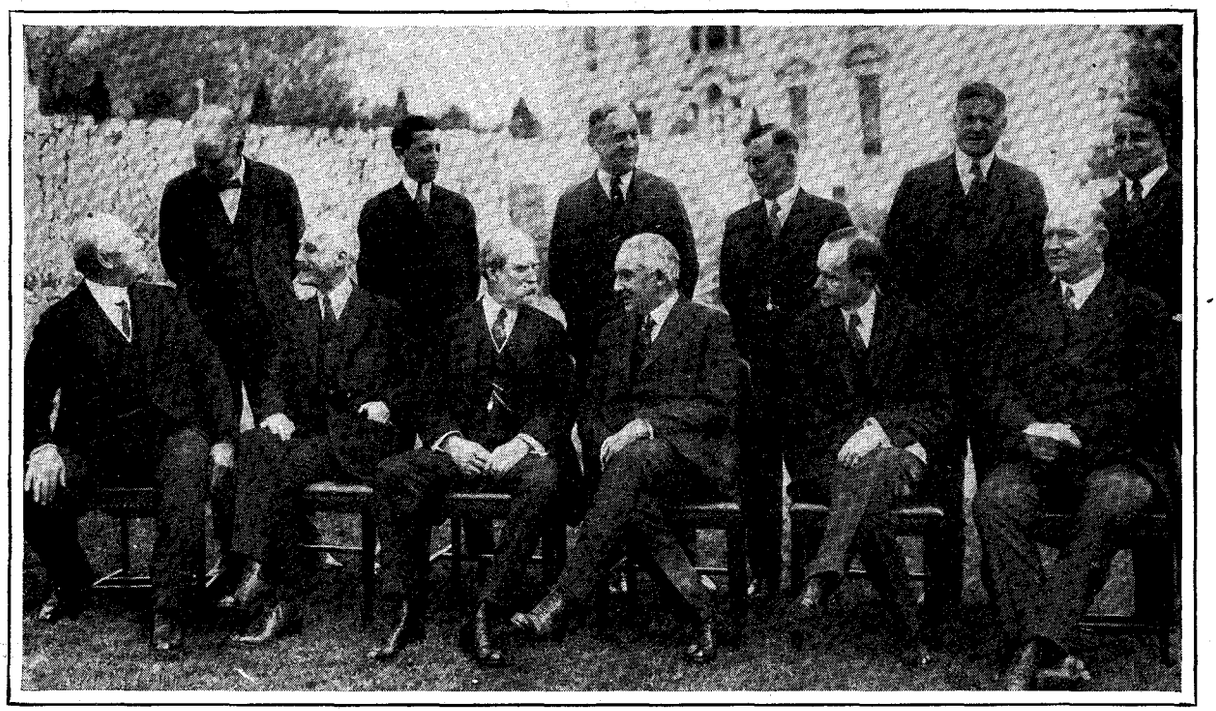
Evidently Mr. Harding's plan to have a Government by discussion and consultation and to give the heads of the executive departments great freedom and place on them large responsibility was well under way from the first day of its life. Such public expression of divergent opinions is a wholesome sign. It shows a welcome recoil from government by a dominant personality, and it promotes public discussion of vital public questions.

That the maintenance of an adequate navy as the first line of defense is vital seems to be obvious. In discussing that subject the public ought to distinguish between elements of the question that are technical, and therefore properly subject to decision by experts, and elements that concern National policies, and therefore subject to decision by public opinion.

Whether the proportion of capital ships in our Navy be enlarged or reduced, whether our naval vessels should be oil burning or coal burning, what is the relative value of speed and armament, are chiefly, if not wholly, technical questions, and inexpert opinion upon them is without value. Whether, on the other hand, we shall have an adequate navy, or a feeble and useless navy, or no navy at all, is a question of policy. On such a question all citizens should have an opinion.

A fundamental question of policy is, for instance, whether preparedness in itself is good or evil. Some regard all naval and military preparedness as provocative of war; while others cite history to show that unpreparedness has never prevented war. It is not easy, however, always to distinguish between policy and technique in any given plan. Just what size the navy should be for any particular purpose is a matter for expert judgment; but for what purpose we should have a navy is a matter to be decided by public opinion. We believe the sober common sense of the American people will not countenance a policy of building a navy to rival Great Britain's. At present the American Navy is the second navy in the world.

The sensible order has recently gone forth to concentrate our Navy, and no longer leave it divided by the width of the continent. That it is to be concentrated in the Pacific rather than in the



(C) Underwood

GOVERNMENT BY CONSULTATION IS, WE HAVE BEEN TOLD, TO CHARACTERIZE THE NEW ADMINISTRATION. SO IT SEEMS, TO JUDGE FROM THIS PICTURE OF PRESIDENT HARDING'S CABINET TAKEN ON THE LAWN OF THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS. THE VICE-PRESIDENT IS, AS PROMISED, INCLUDED

Left to right: Front row—Mr. Weeks, Secretary of War; Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State; President Harding; Vice-President Coolidge; Mr. Denby, Secretary of the Navy. Standing—Mr. Fall, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Hays, Postmaster-General; Mr. Daugherty, Attorney-General; Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor



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Atlantic is of significance only as an indication that the Administration is not unaware of the fact that the Pacific Ocean is the scene of America's principal international problems of the immediate future.

## ENGINEERS IN THE GOVERNMENT: WHERE AND WHY?

GENERALLY the public looks with suspicion upon petitions to the President from organizations urging the appointment of members of these organizations to public office. There is always a feeling that such petitioners are more interested in the candidates than in the offices to be filled.

Such suspicion of motive in no way attached to the request of the Engineering Council of the Federated American Engineering Societies that President Harding appoint an engineer as Assistant Secretary of War and also as a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The Engineering Council pointed out that both of these positions are concerned with problems which lie directly within the scope of knowledge of highly trained engineers.

This fact can be recognized, but, at the same time, it can be pointed out that it has been American practice to put at the head of technical departments of the Government executives whose function was to determine policy rather than to control technical detail. When men of broad vision and real executive ability have been selected for such work, this practice has been justified by its results.

The Engineering Council is to be heartily commended for its endeavor to inject something of the engineering point of view into our Federal Government even though it has not seemed wise to the President to follow out its specific recommendations.

The courage, the adaptability to circumstance, and the practicality of constructive engineers is an asset of which any Administration might well avail itself. These qualities are most needed, however, in positions which deal with problems not directly concerned with the technical knowledge of engineers.

With the President of the American Engineering Council, Mr. Hoover, in his Cabinet, Mr. Harding will not have far to go to secure advice as to the best men in the engineering profession available for public service.

## MAKING PROHIBITION HARD TO ENFORCE

ATTORNEY-GENERAL PALMER issued a ruling concerning the Volstead Act which was not made public until the week after the inauguration of President Harding. This ruling will permit the sale of all alcoholic liquors for medical and other non-beverage purposes. It will permit, unless the Volstead Act is amended or the ruling reversed, the prescription of whisky, wine, and beer, with little or no restriction except the conscience of the prescribing physician.

Attorney-General Palmer's ruling is certainly in violation of the spirit of the law which it attempts to interpret. We do not know whether it can be legalistically justified or not. We do know, however, that this decision is unwelcome to reputable physicians, and its promulgation within a few hours of the accession to office of a new Attorney-General was an act uncalled for by the needs of the situation.

The next Administration will have difficulties enough in the enforcement of the Volstead Act without the legacy of Mr. Palmer's decision. One of these difficulties will arise from the failure of the previous Congress to place the selection of enforcement agents under Civil Service regulations. A bill is now before Congress which makes such a provision.

Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, is seeking to have eliminated the section of this bill which requires that an inspector must have had at least one year's experience in the detection of crime, and he is also seeking to have a provision inserted permitting the Prohibition Commissioner to sit with the Civil Service Commission in the preparation of examination questions and in passing upon the qualifications of applicants in their oral examinations.

It seems to us that the Civil Service Commission should be trusted to outline the qualifications which it is desirable for applicants to possess, and that it is also contrary to accepted practice to permit an executive officer to take part in the examination of applicants for employment. One of the chief purposes of the Civil Service is to relieve executives from the pressure, personal and political, of office-seekers.

## COMMON SENSE IN STATE GOVERNMENT

THE most uninteresting thing that a voter in the State of New York has to do is to decide whether he or she shall vote yes or no on the constitutional amendment questions which come up periodically. They are usually pretty technical, and the attitude of the average voter is indicated by the fact that only a small percentage of those casting ballots at an election pay any attention to the constitutional amendment ballots. New York State is now, however, considering four constitutional amendments which must be first approved by the Legislature before they are submitted to the voters. They were prepared during the incumbency of ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, a Democrat, but they have been indorsed by Governor Miller, the present Republican incumbent of the office. They are entirely non-partisan. They cannot be described better than they were by ex-Governor Smith at a recent hearing at Albany in the following picturesque language:

> I am a good truckman now, and I am going to stick to the trucking business. I am here as a citizen in a non-partisan capacity to urge these bills. It was because they are non-partisan that last year Nathan L. Miller accepted membership on the Citizens' Committee, which supported the amendments. I urge you to pass these measures and give all the people of all parties the chance to say whether they want 21 departments instead of 150 or more, a four-year term for the Governor, so he will be here long enough to learn his job, and an executive budget system which will reduce your direct tax.

We hope these amendments will be approved by the Legislature for submission to the voters and then—at least the two reducing the number of departments and establishing an executive budget—approved by the voters. Massachusetts has already done something of the kind. If New York State takes this forward step in practical government, perhaps other States will follow her example. The most eminent student and critic of American democratic government, James Bryce, now Viscount Bryce, has pointed out in his standard work on the subject, "The American Commonwealth," that, while the Federal constitution and system of government is comparatively simple, our State constitutions and government machinery are so complicated and cumbersome that they are, on the one hand, fearfully expensive and, on the other hand, woefully inefficient. The proposed constitutional amendments will go far towards correcting this defect.

## THE CUT IN RAILWAY WAGES

As a measure looking towards the return of normal business conditions the leading railways of the country have announced their intention of making a proportionate cut in wages and salaries. The Pennsylvania Railroad explains its action in a statement, part of which reads as folows:

> The management of the Pennsylvania Railroad has already made a reduction of over 70,000 men in its personnel, seriously curtailing maintenance of roadway and equipment, consolidated divisional organizations, and has stopped all expenditures on new work.
>
> Even with such economies as have already been enforced, it takes almost the whole of current earnings merely

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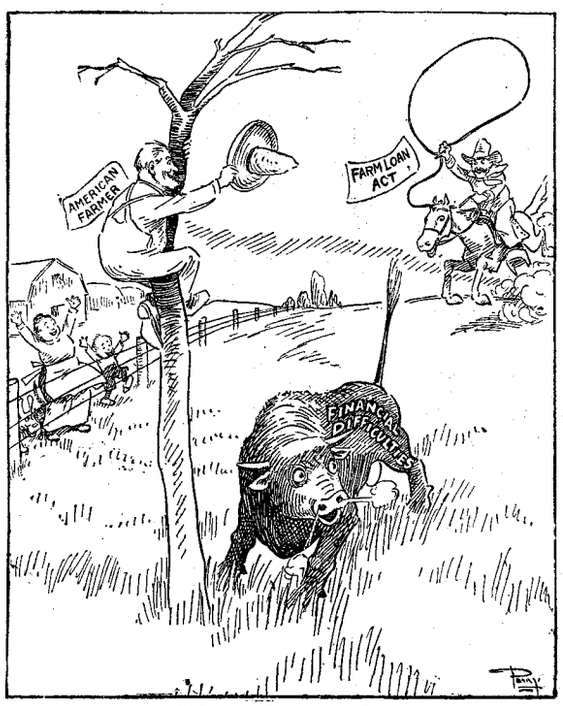
# DEBT

## CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

*From the Portland Oregonian*




ASSISTANCE AT LAST!

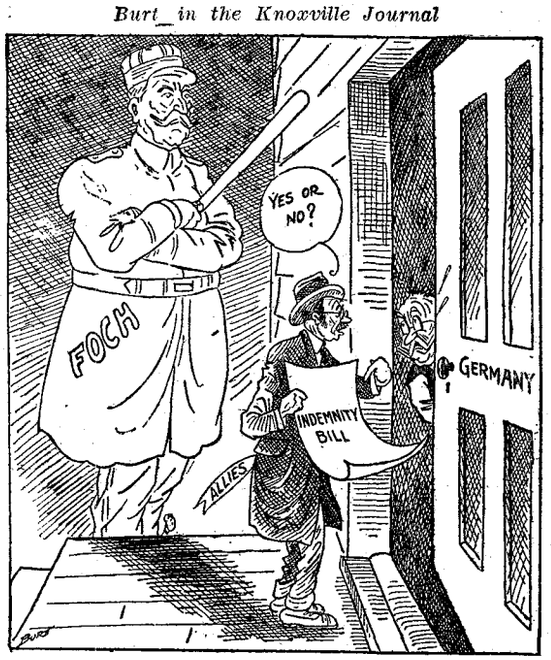
From Kenneth Roberts, Portland, Oregon

*McCarthy in the New Orleans Times-Picayune*

CHORUS: "HOW DID YOU DO IT?"

From Mrs. C. W. Arny, New Orleans, La.

*Burt in the Knoxville Journal*




TO PAY OR NOT TO PAY

From Mrs. L. P. Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

*Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*

"I WONDER ISS IT LOADED?"

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Photograph from Near East Relief

ARMENIAN REFUGEES COOKING FLOUR ON THE STREETS OF ERIVAN. THEY ARE ENTIRELY WITHOUT SHELTER

to pay current operating expenses. It is evident that the requirements of the Transportation Act that railroads shall be administered in an efficient and economical manner cannot be satisfied without still further reductions in expenses.

The Pennsylvania and the other railways affected by the general adoption of this policy announced that all reductions would be submitted to their employees in accordance with the Transportation Act. If the employees had accepted these reductions, there would have been no need to secure the assent of the United States Railway Labor Board. The employees apparently have no intention of accepting the reduction without an appeal. Upon their instance, the Labor Board has summoned the leading railway executives and financiers to show cause why present working rules and conditions should not continue in full.

Mr. Frank P. Walsh, attorney for the railway unions, is quoted as saying that the proposed reduction is part of a conspiracy to break the power of organized labor. So far as public sympathy is concerned in the impending controversy, organized railway labor will suffer because of the general hostility aroused at the time of the passage of the Adamson Act and because of the widespread desire for the reduction of transportation charges.

## GENERAL WOOD AND THE PHILIPPINES

President Harding is perfectly right in thinking that his predecessor's recommendation for the immediate independence of the Philippines should not be acted upon without a thorough examination of conditions in the islands to-day. He is equally right in selecting General Leonard Wood as the man best qualified to make such an inquiry.

General Wood is one of the world's great administrators. His experience in Cuba as Military Governor and in the Philippines as Governor of the Moro Province and in military command of the Philippines Division was unique because the conditions he encountered were unlike those existing before and after. A report from him on the Philippine question is sure to be calm and unbiased.

Whether or not General Wood ultimately accepts the Governorship of the Philippines, the service upon which he now enters as a part of his Army work will be of the utmost value.

## THE NEAR AND FAR EAST

General Leonard Wood makes the timely suggestion that Holy Week be signalized by a special contribution to save the starving Armenians.

Of the remnant of the Armenian nation, most are in desperate need. The Near East Relief is feeding daily over half a million refugees. It is not only feeding but is also clothing and educating the children, of whom more than a quarter of a million are orphans, most of them having been eye-witnesses of their parents' tragic fate. The children were left homeless and hopeless. They were exiled, and the Near East Relief found them weak, diseased, naked, dying. The Relief has already fed and clothed about a hundred thousand of these children; it is educating many of them and teaching them useful trades. Five dollars a month will save one life; $10 will feed and clothe a child; $15 will feed, clothe, and educate. In sympathy with General Wood's suggestion, The Outlook urges its readers to celebrate Holy Week by an outward evidence of inward grace. The address of the Treasurer of the Near East Relief is 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Coincidentally comes President Harding's no less timely appeal to all Americans to save the starving Chinese—and many more are starving there than in Armenia.

It is now seen that unless immediate help is given the spring plantings will be prevented. For the Chinese are not only without food to sustain their lives, they are also without seed to put in the fields. The horrible famine, resulting from two years of crop failures, is ghastly enough; there must not be a third year of such failure. The Outlook also urges as to this pressing need that checks be sent as promptly as possible to the Treasurer of the China Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.

## PADEREWSKI THE PATRIOT

"To try to honor Mr. Paderewski is in itself an honor," declared Ambassador Jusserand the other night at the Paderewski Testimonial Dinner in New York City.

For many years most people have interpreted Ignace Jan Paderewski in terms of music. But those who know him well know that he is not only a pre-eminent composer and pianist, but that he is also a keen student of the Bible, of ethnography and ethnology, and of Oriental art; more than this, he is a practical, resourceful authority in matters of statecraft, especially as affecting his native Poland. He is among the most versatile of men. Like Leonardo, he shines in many domains.

When, some years ago, he abandoned music to serve his country and when he became Prime Minister, many persons

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were surprised. For instance, Premier Clemenceau, of France, meeting Mr. Paderewski, inquired: "Is it true, monsieur, that you, the greatest musician in the world, have accepted the Premiership of Poland?" *"Mais oui, monsieur,"* replied Paderewski. Clemenceau sighed and said, *"Quelle dégringolade!"*

What a downfall it seemed to others too! Yet Paderewski assured the seven hundred people at the Hotel Astor the other night that, much as he loved music, he loved Poland more.

His work for Poland is now historic. As Mr. Louis Marshall said:

> Great as Paderewski has been in the domain of music, he has been equally great as an artist in the field of diplomacy. His name will appear in the forefront of those whom history will recognize as the emancipators of Poland. His tact, his marvelous enthusiasm, his fiery oratory, opened the way for the consummation of that act of justice of which her people have dreamed for more than a century.

To this Mr. Herbert Hoover added:

> During the days of almost anarchy in the early stages of Polish reorganization, Mr. Paderewski developed full protection for the helpless elements of the population, particularly the Jews, and laid foundations for relationships among the people that must be tolerant and enduring.

And Mr. Henry Morgenthau paid this tribute:

> My greatest admiration for Mr. Paderewski comes from the part he played with that splendid band of men in Paris . . . who strove so hard that a new note of peace and harmony should prevail in the world. . . . I firmly believe that, when history is written . . . the great outstanding list of great figures of this century will never be complete without the name of our guest of this evening.

In his eloquent acknowledgment Mr. Paderewski said, in part:

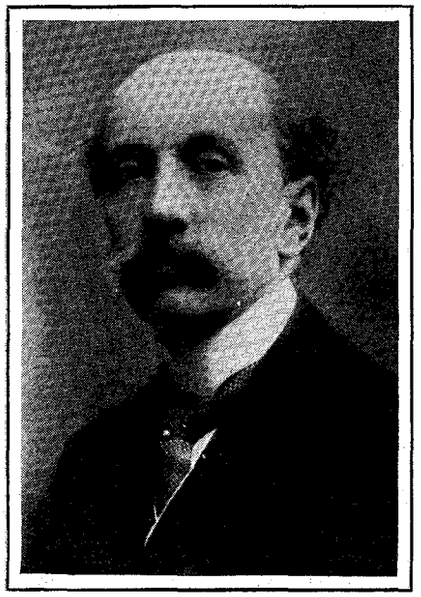
> We are a nation once more. We are free at last. . . . We are all united in imperishable gratitude to God and to all the men whom he has chosen for the fulfillment of his divine purpose. . . . Long before this mighty Republic had decided to join the Allied forces, fighting for light and right, I found here friends, many good friends, who most generously enabled me to collect funds for the relief of our war victims. . . . We had had some promises and some encouraging words had been spoken to us by other countries. Our best friend, that chivalrous, heroic, glorious France—France whom we have loved for a thousand years—France was desperately struggling for her very existence. . . . . What could we expect? . . . The promises given were of a rather vague kind. Our prospects were positively gloomy until the tremendous weight of your influence was thrown on the balance and decided it at once in our favor.
>
> That tremendous weight was something very well known to me. It was your American idealism. Some people think . . . that this huge country of yours is merely the country of the largest factories, of the longest railways, of the tallest buildings in the world; . . . that you are a great commercial and industrial people, of great engineers, peerless inventors, fearless speculators in business and banking, superior to any and every one. . . . It is true, but the truest fact of all is the fact that you are idealists to the core. . . . It is your idealism . . . that drives your wealthy men to endow great causes with much munificence. . . . that makes the enlightened masses contribute millions to the relief of suffering throughout the world. Such achievements will remain forever the glory and the pride of America.

Inestimable as have been Mr. Paderewski's services to Poland and necessary as they have been to maintain that outpost of Western civilization in eastern Europe, we hope that he can before long return to his composition and interpretation of music. For in his art he belongs not to Poland only but to the whole world.

## THE ASSASSINATION OF PREMIER DATO

A NEW chapter was added to the history of political turbulence in Spain by the assassination on March 8 of the Spanish Premier, Eduardo Dato. He was killed by Anarchists who fired into his automobile as he was leaving the Cortes, the Spanish Parliament.

Premier Dato occupied the Premiership several times during the period of the war. In the conflicting currents of Spanish sympathy for the belligerents, he seemed consistently in favor of the Entente. The Spanish army and the clerical authorities aligned themselves in general upon the side of Germany and her allies. The opposition of these important elements, together with the economic upheavals which took place in Spain during the war, made the last years of Dato's career unusually feverish even for a Spanish statesman.



Bain

EDUARDO DATO, LATE PREMIER OF SPAIN

Premier Dato, however, retained a position of eminence which even his opponents were forced unwillingly to recognize. Despite, for instance, his setback in the last popular elections, it was generally acknowledged that he was one of the few men to whom the King could turn for the formation of even a semi-stable Government.

## CARDINAL DOUGHERTY

A SCHOLARLY Pennsylvanian prelate of the Roman Catholic Church was last week raised to the Cardinalate.

Dennis Dougherty is a Pennsylvanian by birth and education. After completing his studies at St. Charles's Seminary, at Overbrook, and carrying off the highest honors of his class, he returned there to serve as Professor of Philosophy and later as Professor of Dogmatic Theology. In 1903 he was chosen to be the first American bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands. There he was confronted with many problems, ecclesiastical, educational, economic, social, political. After twelve years' arduous labor in the islands he returned to the United States and was made Bishop of Buffalo, being transferred three years later to the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. These successive steps are now appropriately followed by a fourth.

Cardinal Dougherty becomes the third living American cardinal, the others being Cardinals Gibbons and O'Connell. There have been but five American cardinals, all told. Not only is this number disproportionate to the size and importance of the Roman Catholic Church in America, as contrasted with other countries, but that size and importance would seem also to demand a larger number of cardinals in actual charge here. Italy has twenty-two cardinals, France has seven, and Spain six. But Spain has only about twenty million Roman Catholics, whereas this country and its dependencies include some twenty-four million.

## MUST THE REDEEMED GREEKS BE UNREDEEMED?

IN 1918 the editors of The Outlook had the privilege of entertaining two distinguished Greek gentlemen, Mr. Nicholas Kyriakides and Mr. Christo Vassilakaki. Mr. Kyriakides, a graduate of Robert College in Constantinople, was familiar not only with Greek and Oriental culture, but also with the spirit of Americanism. Mr. Vassilakaki was a member of the Greek Parliament. Both

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DELEGATES TO THE REPARATION CONFERENCE IN LONDON

At the left is General Gouraud; next to him is Premier Lloyd George, of England, with cane; Premier Briand, of France, is in the center, also with cane

were by birth appropriate representatives of the "Unredeemed Greeks," for Mr. Kyriakides was born on an island in the Sea of Marmora and Mr. Vassilakaki was born at Smyrna, in Asia Minor. Most of the "Unredeemed Greeks" lived in Thrace and Asia Minor under Turkish sovereignty. But the Treaty of Sèvres, concluded after the World War, unites Thrace and the Smyrna district of Asia Minor to Greece.

An Allied Conference, composed of Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers, also known as the Supreme Council, has been meeting in London. Recent events both in Greece and Turkey have led it to a reinvestigation of actual conditions and an inclination towards stripping Greece of some of her recently acquired territory. Hence Mr. Kyriakides has sent the following cablegram from Athens to The Outlook:

> The Central Committee of Unredeemed Greeks in its last meeting passed the following resolution:
>
> "It considers most unjust the decision of the Allied Conference to send a commission for investigation to Thrace, Smyrna, and the districts now under Greek rule.
>
> "The Committee further considers as a national misfortune and an international calamity any attempt of the Allied Powers to alter the conditions of the Treaty of Sèvres which will lead to the extermination of the Christians of Thrace and Smyrna districts, long under Turkish tyranny and misrule.
>
> "The Unredeemed Greeks solemnly declare to the American people and press their resolute and irrevocable determination to oppose any attempt to revise the Treaty of Sèvres.
>
> "The Unredeemed Greeks appeal to the American people and press for their kind intervention for the maintenance and integrity of the Treaty of Sèvres.
>
> "The restoration of the misrule of the Turks in Thrace and Asia Minor means the submission of the Christians, oppression, persecution, and massacre."

Neither The Outlook, whom Mr. Kyriakides addresses, nor even the American Government and people, can, by waving some magic wand, dispel all the troubles in the Near East.

Nor can the Allies, at the request of the "Unredeemed Greeks," undo the injury which the Greeks' own Government has done. Nor can the Greeks themselves undo the effect of their King's attitude during the war and the suspicion in which not only he but they were regarded, a suspicion confirmed by his restoration.

Nevertheless, no matter what the Greek Government has or has not done, there is an unmistakable difference between Turkish non-civilization and Greek civilization. As opposed to an almost entire absence of Turkish endeavor in education, there are in Thrace nearly seven hundred Greek schools with about fifty thousand students, and in Asia Minor nearly three thousand Greek schools with well over two hundred thousand students, and all these institutions are being maintained by the voluntary contributions of the Greek people.

When one considers the historical, ethnological, and very present practical claims of Greece to the territories in question, it is impossible not to feel strong sympathy with the cablegram from Mr. Kyriakides, in its cry against the injustice which would now deprive the Greeks of lands assured to them by the Treaty of Sèvres, and put many thousands of Greeks back under the rule of the incompetent Turk.

## THE NEW REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA

LENINE in an interview published in the New York "Herald" airily minimizes the revolt against the Soviets as a petty incident in Kronstadt caused by discontent among foolish sailors. But he straightway contradicts himself by saying that it has been utilized by "Czarist officers, reactionaries, Mensheviki, Social Revolutionaries, and foreign Powers." If all these people are openly hostile to Bolshevik misgovernment, the movement can hardly be called a petty incident. Other reports, one from Kronstadt itself, assert that the main force behind the revolt is the Social Revolutionist party.

It is too early to predict the outcome. There is some force in Trotsky's view that the mere possession of Petrograd would not mean the downfall of the Soviets. The main question is whether the Bolshevik army is seriously disaffected. The latest reports at this writing assert that there has been widespread desertion of Soviet troops (in one case, it is said, 7,000 in one body) and that there have been strikes among the workmen in Petrograd and clashes between them and Soviet soldiers. Rebellion has been reported as far east as Omsk and it is even said that insurgents have captured Omsk.

An anti-Soviet leader in London, Mr. Baikaloff, declares: "The revolution is being carried on by workers, sailors, soldiers, and peasants. The Socialist parties are not even indirectly responsible. The movement is concentrated in Petrograd, but already is spreading through the country."

Whether now or later, Russia must overthrow the Bolshevik proletariat class autocracy or convert it into some form of representative government.

## GERMANY UNREPENTANT

THE Reichstag's approval of Dr. Simons's conduct of the German case at the London Conference is an indorsement of a policy of obstinate, if passive, resistance to Germany's treaty agreements. The opposition to this vote of confidence (268 to 49) was not because Dr. Simons had not yielded enough, but partly political and partly because he (in his opponents' opinion) had been willing to yield too much. Herr Stinnes, for instance, declared positively that even Dr. Simons's first offer at London, so flatly refused by the Allies, was going far beyond Germany's ability to pay. Thus Germany plants herself definitely on a

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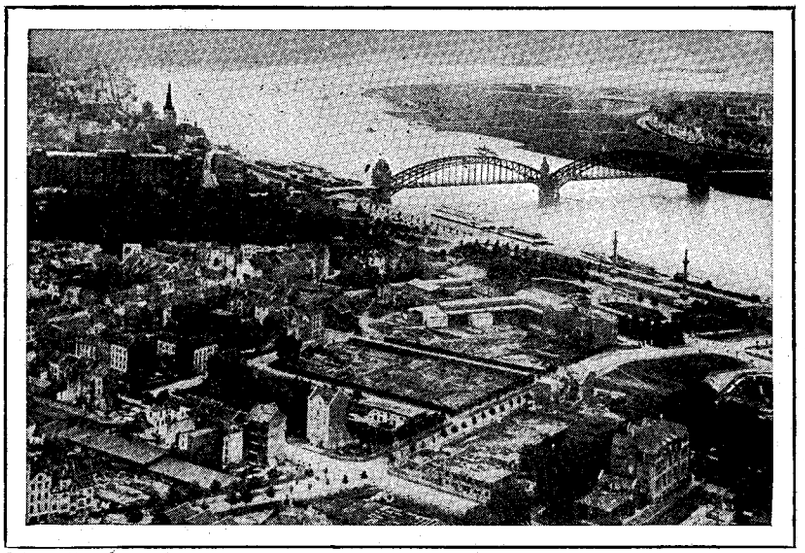
platform of refusing to do anything reasonable in providing for reparation payment and of maintaining a densely recalcitrant attitude.

The occupation of the three towns on the Rhine by the Allies took place without any untoward or hostile incident.

The Allies are now considering the best methods and rates of applying coercive measures of collecting revenue from German commerce to apply to reparation already overdue. As to this, Mr. Lloyd George stated in Parliament that "the Germans would lose sixty per cent of their export trade if they tried to evade payment under the export levy, while if they did not evade these payments the British collections alone would, under the scheme, be about 400,000,000 German marks a year."



International

VIEW OF DÜSSELDORF, ONE OF THE RHINE CITIES JUST OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIES

## BUDDHISM COPIES CHRISTIANITY

By this time Outlook readers should be fairly familiar with the Daily Vacation Bible Schools. They were started twenty years ago on the East Side of New York to bring together idle children, idle churches, and idle students during the summer vacation. Manual work, organized play, and Bible study have gone on together. From the start the schools have been successful. From one school they have grown to over fourteen hundred. Canada has copied them and now has seven hundred and fifty. During the past two years Japan and China have in turn copied them. Japan has seventeen schools now and China no less than a hundred and forty. The Chinese schools are the result of the efforts of eight hundred native Christian students.

Some students who were not Christians also responded. These were Buddhists. They too established daily vacation schools. They followed the call to service in their own fashion. They adopted the general programme of the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, but substituted Buddhist ethics for the Gospels.

The rest of the programme was too good not to be taken up—the songs, the kindergarten work, the talks on health and patriotism, the vocal and breathing and calisthenic exercises, the stereopticon story, the manual work such as basketry, hammock-making, and other weaving and sewing, the Red Cross hospital and home work, the first aid and hygiene, and, finally, the afternoon hours devoted to open-air games and excursions.

If service is the test of religious faith, the Bible Vacation Schools in spreading the spirit of human service to those who bear another name have met that test successfully.

## THE COLOMBIAN TREATY

No treaty with Colombia carrying the payment of $25,000,000 should be passed unless it contains a positive disclaimer of intention to pay reparation for wrong done. It is not enough to omit, as the Colombian Treaty in its present form does omit, the apology and admission of wrong-doing by the United States.

That the payment of this large sum of money without a corresponding and material *quid pro quo* would be taken as a tacit admission of guilt is proved by the fact that it is already so regarded. Thus Mr. Colby, late Secretary of State, is quoted as saying that delay to conclude the Treaty has "caused us to be represented to the Latin-American mind as indifferent to justice, insensible to ruthlessness, and callous to the recognition of payment of our debt." The New York "World" boldly asserts that it is "conceded in principle that the United States owed the South American Republic substantial compensation for the taking of Panama in defiance of solemn treaty obligations." A recent letter-writer in the New York "Sun" declares: "From the standpoint of our honor, this act of simple justice brooks no further delay." And other instances might be multiplied of the way the ratification of the Treaty will be regarded.

But, as the New York "Tribune" well says, our record in this matter was "one of honor, not of dishonor." Let us not allow it to be smirched; if we pay for good and sufficient reasons not based on alleged wrong-doing, let us state those reasons so plainly that history cannot misread them. To pay without saying why we pay or to pay $25,000,000 for concessions every one knows are not worth $5,000,000 would be [illegible] World court misconstrues [illegible] National law. Read President Roose-

The present sentiment in favor of ratifying the Treaty follows a different line from that of reparation. Its argument runs something like this: "Some people think we did wrong. We know we didn't, but they honestly think we did. Anyway, Colombia lost a great opportunity, even if she did throw it away by greed and attempts at extortion. Marroquin and his fellow-plotters are long gone. The present Colombia is guiltless. Not only Colombia but all South America will recognize in the payment generosity and friendliness. The act will promote good feeling and it will also aid in establishing the cordial business relations we all want to see encouraged."

It need not be denied that there is point and persuasiveness in this argument. How much so, is indicated by the fact that ratification, it is understood, is not opposed by Senator Lodge, although he once joined in a minority report of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee which said: "We cannot afford to purchase cordial relations. We cannot afford to answer a blackmail demand. Once respond to such a demand, and we shall be held for every fancied wrong by other countries."

Whatever the force of the argument of good will and liberal treatment of a small republic by its big neighbor—and we do not disparage or minimize the argument—is it not elemental common sense that we should in this case say what we mean and mean what we say? Gentlemen at Washington, please do not leave too much to imagination; do not let future writers say, either that we committed a wrong and were ashamed to say so, or that we paid millions without knowing why.

One other adjuration to the Senate: Don't ratify this Treaty on anybody's false assumption as to history or inter-

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velt's Messages to Congress in December, 1903, and January, 1904. Read his article in The Outlook of October 7, 1911, on "How we Acquired the Right to Dig the Panama Canal." Remember that we were no more bound to defend Colombia from revolution than Ecuador; that what we were bound to do was to keep transit across the Isthmus free and uninterrupted; that when, before 1903, we prevented insurrection on the Isthmus it was to that end, and that when in 1903 we refrained from preventing revolution it was to the same end. For the United States, after the crooked dealing of Marroquin and his tools, to insist on imposing Colombian rule on Panama would not have been justice; it was not required by treaty or law; it would have been infinite folly; it would have killed the Panama Canal.

## THE VERNAL CHORUS

FEBRUARY and March are the months when the great spring tide of poetry begins to rise over editorial desks. Then it is that flowers of every shape and hue blossom in most unexpected places—or so we are informed by poets whose minds are attuned to the coming of spring. Under their instruction, we learn that March hillsides are breaking into a ruddy glow of dog-roses and cyclamen. We learn that the pink and mignonette are not unknown to April meadows, and if we followed some of the metrical advice which we have recently received we would go a-Maying in an Indian Ocean of fringed gentian.

Though the poems in which these strange things occur return to their senders with what must seem like a surprising and grievous suddenness, we are not wholly unsympathetic with their authors. We know the workings of their minds as clearly as though we had watched their poems a-borning. Spring is indeed a season of restless aspiration. It brings with it crowding hopes and eager dreams. For most of us these hopes and dreams are, and must remain, things of the mind. Confined within a routine of life from which we may not break, we cannot translate these intangible longings into action.

These hopes and dreams, however, know no allegiance to the law of labor which governs the world. They seethe beneath the surface as lava seethes within the heart of a volcano.

The thoughts which spring from these hopes and dreams seem incandescent with the glow of the emotion which sent them forth. They come into the conscious mind "trailing clouds of glory." But the magic radiance which they possess is a radiance visible only to the mind which gives them birth. The word, the phrase, the revelation, which burns in the hopeful mind of the spring poet with the flaming glory of a newly created world appears to those who do not know its genesis as cold and lifeless as the ashes of a dead volcano. Sometimes it is even hard for the stranger to realize that such ashes were ever touched with fire.

Poets who are worth their salt learn to recognize the effect of the glamour of creation. They know that if there is any light in their poetry, other than this reflected radiance, time will render it visible. They are not afraid to put their work to the test.

It is only those poets whose absolute and uncritical faith in their work endures beyond the moment of creation who need utterly despair. Yet even if only to the rare poet is given the consummation of creating one enduring line or one memorable image, it is not for editors to laugh at those that fail. For to those who fail in the greater adventure remains the vital reward which comes from the effort to call forth beauty from her hiding-place among the stars.

## THE MESSAGE OF HOLY WEEK TO THOSE IN TROUBLE

JERUSALEM was crowded with pilgrims who had come from near and far to celebrate the night when the death angel passed over the homes of Israel but took from every Egyptian home one captive. The Master and his twelve disciples sat down in an upper chamber to the supper of which every family partook on that memorable anniversary. Coming events cast their shadows before. Christ had forewarned his friends of the approaching tragedy. But they could not believe the unwelcome news. The time had come to be explicit. He told them that one of them would betray him, that Peter would deny him, that all would forsake him. If ever man needed strength from his companions for the crisis before him, comfort from human sympathy for the sorrow he was so soon to meet, truly Jesus needed both strength and comfort then.

Comfort and strength he got by giving them to others.

You can, he said in effect, no longer have faith in one another. Nevertheless let not your heart be troubled. Do not lose hope. Have faith in God; have faith in me. I am about to leave you. Whither I am going you cannot come. But I will come back to be with you, your intimate though invisible companion. Your mission is not ended by my death. As the Father hath sent me, so I send you. Love me; love Him; love one another. You will share the sorrow of your Master, as you share my labors; in the world you will have tribulation. But be of good cheer. I have overcome the world. And greater works than you have seen me do you will do.

Then they went out to his familiar resort, a garden or orchard in the vicinity of the city. To guard against surprise he asked three of his disciples to keep watch while he withdrew to take up once more the problem of his life. What did his Father wish him to do? Should he escape to Galilee or the region beyond the Jordan? That would be to abandon his mission. Should he remain in Jerusalem? That would be to insure his arrest and probably his death. Could his mission survive that catastrophe? Could these timid, half-educated fishermen carry on his work? His anguish was not dread of the tragedy of the morrow. Many a soldier in the late war has faced unhesitatingly greater physical pain and one longer continued. His was the greater dread of a greater tragedy—dread lest he fail to understand his father's will or fail in courage to achieve that will. His prayer was that this tragedy he might escape. "Thy will, not mine, be done," he cried. What Christian has not at times experienced the dread lest he fail to understand his Father's purpose and so prove a hindrance, not a help, to his Father's work?

When Jesus heard the tramp of the police in the valley of the Kidron and, going out, found his watchers asleep, he found the answer to his prayer. To escape now was to leave them to meet the wrath of enemies whom his escape would have foiled. That to him was unthinkable. He went forth to meet the guard, put himself between them and his followers, gave them the hint to flee, and when they had fled surrendered himself up to a mock trial and a certain death. When Peter offered a foolish resistance, Jesus bade him put up his sword, saying: "The cup which my Father gives me, shall I not drink it?" Judas, Caiaphas, and Pilate prepared the cup and brought it to him; but he accepted it as the cup which his Father gave him.

The next day when women weeping followed the funeral procession which accompanied Jesus to the crucifixion, he turned to them, saying, "Weep not for me; weep for yourselves and your children." His personal sorrow he forgot in preparing them to meet their sorrows not far distant. Upon the cross, looking down upon the groups clustered at its foot, he saw not the soldiers gambling for his garment, he heard not the ironic triumph of the priests, "He trusted in God that he would deliver him." He saw the broken-hearted mother and the beloved disciple, and heard his mother's sobs; and almost his last words were

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those of a thoughtful care for her: "Woman, behold thy son; son, behold thy mother!"

Seldom in the history of America has there been in the world a time of more widespread trouble and sorrow than the present. Statesmen confront new and perplexing problems with no precedent and no clearly perceived or clearly defined principles to guide them in the doubtful maze. Many merchants see the fabric reared by patient and painstaking toil for their children and their children's children swept away by no fault of theirs. Many workers know not which way to look for to-morrow's job, or perhaps even for to-morrow's meal. Many fathers and mothers sent their sons abroad to fight a foreign foe in a foreign field for unknown friends and never again will see the faces of their loved ones. And the entire Nation is oppressed by the cries for bread borne across the sea from the hungry women and children of famished Europe.

For us in this time of widespread perplexity, trouble, and sorrow Holy Week seems to me to have two messages, to be here only suggested for the reader's quiet reflection.

I. The way to lighten our own burdens is to take on some one else's burden. The way to get comfort in our sorrow is to give comfort to others in their sorrow. Self-pity is always perilous. There is a selfishness in sorrow; let us beware of it. A time of fear is a time which calls for a ministry of courage; a time of doubt, for a ministry of faith; a time of widespread trouble is an opportunity for widespread and varied service. In solving others' problems we solve our own; in caring for the troubles of others we forget our own.

II. Sorrow is a part of God's scheme of life. Our real problem is not, Why are there sin and suffering in the world? but, What can we do to cure the sin and alleviate the sorrow? Greed, ambition, and cowardice may mix the cup and bring it to us, and yet it may be the cup which our Father gives to us. To know the will of God is the greatest knowledge; to suffer the will of God is the greatest heroism; to do the will of God is the greatest achievement. In work with God and for God our defeat is His victory.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

# UPPER SILESIA AND POISON GAS

AS this issue of The Outlook is being mailed to our readers an election or plebiscite is going on in Central Europe which illustrates in a very interesting and significant way how modern conditions have modified the principle, advocated by Washington, of non-entanglement in European affairs. Few Americans know very much about it or have any conception of how their own interests and welfare are involved in it. And yet perhaps no political event in Europe during the last hundred years, with the exception of the declaration of war by Germany in the summer of 1914, has been fraught with consequences so potentially momentous to the United States as this election which is now being held to determine whether Upper Silesia shall belong to Germany or Poland.

If the reader will turn to his atlas, he will see that the province of Prussian Silesia runs down in a southeasterly direction from Breslau towards Cracow like a peninsula or the toe of a great boot. It is bounded on one side by Poland and on the other by Bohemia, formerly a part of Austria, but now one of the states of the new Republic of Czechoslovakia.

Some centuries ago an important part of the province of Prussian Silesia belonged to the Kingdom of Poland, but on the collapse of the Holy Roman Empire it became the football of conquest, kicked about from one king to another until it finally fell permanently into the hands of Germany, where it remained until the armistice of 1918. Its great economic value consists of its very rich bituminous coal deposits. This coal, together with minerals such as iron, lead, and zinc, has made it one of the great and rich manufacturing districts of the German Empire. Owing to the character of its coal, it is one of the centers of the German dye industry.

When the German armies surrendered in November, 1918, and the new Republic of Poland was erected, it was first proposed at the Paris Peace Conference to cede Upper Silesia outright to the Polish Republic, under the principle of making political and geographical boundaries correspond with racial lines, for the population of Upper Silesia is more than sixty per cent Polish. Germany, however, made a great outcry. Her protests were partly supported by American idealists at Paris who had been captivated by Mr. Wilson's doctrine of self-determination, and who therefore thought that the people of Upper Silesia ought to have something to say about it at the ballot-box. There was also a small but powerful party in Great Britain who objected to giving Upper Silesia outright to Poland, partly because they thought British commerce with Germany would be interfered with if the province were transferred to Poland, and partly because of a certain curiously narrow-minded British sentiment against Roman Catholic countries, and Poland is a Roman Catholic country. So the Peace Conference compromised and left the matter to be determined by a plebiscite or election. The supervision of this election was left in the hands of a Commission. It is not very clear what authority laid down the conditions of the election, but by some decision totally foreign to American ideas of self-determination — that is, self-government through the ballot-box—all Germans who claim that they were born in Upper Silesia, no matter what may be their present residence, are allowed to vote.

The result is that Germans are pouring into Upper Silesia by thousands, like the "carpetbaggers" in our own days of Reconstruction after the Civil War. Germans have even gone from the United States to participate in the vote and to save Upper Silesia, if possible, "for the Fatherland."

One of the greatest living authorities on Polish affairs has informed us that the Polish Government would have no doubt about the result if the election were carried out honestly under the prescribed terms. But what Poland fears is that the Prussians, with the lack of scruple which led them to regard solemn agreements in the Great War as mere "scraps of paper," will try to carry the election by stuffing ballot-boxes in the best Tweed style or by voting in "blocks of five," after the manner of the political managers of the Grand Old Republican party of twenty-five or thirty years ago. The trouble is that the political machinery, the police, and the magistrates of Upper Silesia are in the control of the Prussians, who constitute only a small minority of the population. On the other hand, the Polish inhabitants are very largely wage-workers and farmers without means of organization and self-protection. The wealth, the intelligence, and the experience are on the side of the Prussians; numbers and unorganized desire are on the side of the Poles. What very often happens under these circumstances is now happening in Upper Silesia. The powerful Prussians are intimidating the Poles.

By this time the reader is doubtless asking himself how all this concerns the United States except as a matter of abstract justice. Let us, therefore, get at the practical aspects of the question.

As we have already said, Upper Silesia, owing to the character of its coal deposits, is one of the great centers of the German coal-tar industry. This industry has for its ostensible object the making of dyes, in which Germany has led the world. But the very chemical processes which produce coal-tar dyes also produce high explosives and poison gas, Germany was the originator of the use of poison gas in warfare. She employed it with terrible and disastrous effect in the great European war. So good an authority as Dr. Charles H. Herty, former President of the American Chemical Society and now editor of the "Journal of Industrial and Engineering

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Chemistry," in a recent address in Washington, D.C., delivered on the invitation of the National Research Council, declared that surplus German dye plants will breed future wars. "Germany has to-day," he says, "the greatest and most active dyestuff industry in the world, as evidenced by a production last month [January] of twelve thousand tons of dyes, seven hundred and fifty tons more than the average pre-war monthly output. From these dye plants came all of the poison gases used by Germany throughout the World War. Bolshevist Russia has to-day the largest standing army of the world—one million five hundred thousand men. If these two agencies of destruction are ever fully combined, the world will face a new struggle incomparably more tragic than that through which it has just passed. Already that union has begun, for it is known that in their successes against the forces of General Wrangel the Bolshevist armies were largely aided by poison gas. And Russia has now no chemical industry!"

The logical inference is that Germany, far from repentance, is already nursing the idea of a victorious war based upon aviation and poison gas. This is also the view of the eminent Polish authority to whom we have referred earlier in this article.

Dr. Herty further points out that provision against a future world war conducted by Germany is not merely the emanation of alarmist minds but is calmly and definitely set forth by the Peace Treaty of Paris. For in that momentous document Articles 168, 169, and 172 provide for the closing down in Germany of all factories and other establishments for the manufacture, preparation, storage, or design of arms, munitions, or any war material whatever; and for the destruction or rendering useless of any special plant intended for the manufacture of military material except such as may be recognized as necessary for equipping the authorized strength of the German army; and the German Government is directed to disclose to the Allied and Associated Powers the nature and mode of manufacture of all explosives, toxic substances, and other like chemical preparations used by them, the Germans, in the war. Dr. Herty relates that when he was in Paris in 1919, as a member of the Conference on Reparation Dyes, he asked why the foregoing provisions of the Peace Treaty had not been carried out with respect to the coal-tar industry, which produces high explosives and poison gas. The reply was: "Europe wished to do so, but American influence was against it, and prevailed." Dr. Herty's explanation is that the Americans in authority at the Paris Peace Conference regarded the German dye industry as a peace industry and were either ignorant or refused to recognize that it was the basis of the manufacture of the most powerful explosives and the most deadly poison gas.

Here we come to the point at which the election in Upper Silesia may affect the life and existence of the United States. If that province goes to Poland, its dye factories will be used in the economic upbuilding of a new Republic the very basis of whose life is to prevent Germany from exploiting the vast natural resources of Russia in any new schemes for the domination of the world by force. If Upper Silesia goes to Prussia, the Prussian militarists of the Tirpitz and Hindenburg type, who have by no means given up their dreams of military power, will have at their command resources for preparing weapons of war of such terrible and mysterious power that the submarine in comparison will seem like an archaic weapon of the Middle Ages.

It will not do to say that this is inconceivable. In 1914 it would have seemed inconceivable to most decent Americans that Tirpitz could have sunk the Lusitania and its human cargo of women and children without warning.

The nations that sincerely desire the peace of the world have destroyed Germany's navy; they have abolished her standing army; they ought at least to control her poison-gas factories. One effective way to do the last would have been to give to Poland the administration of Upper Silesia. The great Polish patriot and statesman, Paderewski, urged this course upon the Peace Conference at Paris. Let us hope that in rejecting his plea the Conference did not make an irretrievable mistake.

# MEET THE LADY BANKERS, GENTLEMEN!

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

WAY down in Tennessee, a woman has changed the current of society into a sea of financial success, for Mrs. F. D. Runyon, a society leader of Clarksville, conceived the idea of establishing a bank for women, conducted entirely by women. The idea, ably assisted by other prominent women neighbors, evolved into the First Woman's Bank of Tennessee, and, as far as is known, the institution is the first of its kind in the United States.

Mrs. F. J. Runyon, president of the bank, is the wife of a prominent Clarksville physician, and the mother of two grown sons, one a lawyer, the other practicing medicine.

Mrs. Runyon has been closely identified with all moves for the betterment of Clarksville, and, desiring to continue active in civic matters, acted on advice given her by a banker, to establish a bank for women. Studying the matter closely, she decided that there was a reasonable chance for success, so went on with the venture, after enlisting other prominent women in the idea. A charter was applied for, and granted; then the bank became an assured fact, chartered under the State laws of Tennessee.

The bank has three officers. and nine

MRS. F. J. RUNYON, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST WOMAN'S BANK OF TENNESSEE

directors—president and vice-president—the president and vice-president being also members of the directorate. An executive committee, whose duty consists of inspecting paper, passing upon loans, and giving general supervision, is constituted of three of the directors. City and county are both represented on the board.

The directors and officers are women prominent in church, civic, and social affairs, and they are all closely concerned in matters pertaining to definite progressive movements of the community. But, with all their executive ability, this organization of women is delightfully feminine. They one and all preside graciously over delightful homes, are exemplary wives and model mothers.

The capital stock of the bank is $15,000, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. Only one share was sold to each person. The whole amount was subscribed in a single day. Now, with the bank but a few months old, its deposits amount to over $60,000. This is a record for a small, conservative Southern town. On the bank's opening day its deposits exceeded the capital amount by several thousand dollars. The gross earnings run to a twenty-five per cent basis, and clearings penetrate into figures carrying five ciphers.

Checking, savings, and Christmas savings are the three classes of accounts carried, and, judging by the way deposits have piled up, the purpose of the women founders of the bank is being realized; for the idea was to instill into the minds of the people thrift and saving—to help them help themselves by

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saving toward a rainy day, to enjoy the assurance that goes with a bank account, and to endeavor to help their townspeople in their financial difficulties as far as is consistent with dependable banking. The bank is doing a general, legitimate banking business, strictly in accord with the Tennessee State laws. The men of the community cordially cooperate in the venture, and are proud of its success.

The First Woman's Bank of Tennessee is not a whimsical fancy, but a concrete fact, and, though petticoated from president to janitress, this institution has put Clarksville on the financial map and advertised to the world that women of the South are not mere butterflies of society, but leaders endowed with remarkable executive ability.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

# AFTER THE WAR IN ENGLAND

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

## I—GOLD, GAS, WOMEN, AND WIGS

LARGE American cities give one an impression of rush and hurry; hardly less do we feel it in London. It is the street feature of world capitals.

There are no outward signs of distress or disaster in England. Business is being conducted as usual in the same small, cold offices.

The financial and political conditions underlying the country have been warchanged out of all former recognition, but habits remain much the same.

### LITTLE GOLD, BIG DEBTS, WHY WORRY?

Although almost hopelessly in debt, and with continued national deficits pushing them on, God only knows where, the British speak confidently of London as the financial center to which the far-flung world enterprises must look. London was such a center before the war, by right of enterprise and integrity. If she can regain the place and redeem all financial promises, it will be a great thing for the world. America can gladly concede the honors, because it will mean a greater market for our cotton, corn, and copper. It will help to stabilize our commercial and social conditions. But when I remember that the British gold reserve is supposed to be kept in the Bank of England, and that that reserve fell recently to eight per cent of the bank's deposits, I feel uneasy. I have asked questions, but I find business men dodging. "Of course," they say, "the reserve is low, but there is plenty more gold in the country; and, besides, business is being done on quite a different basis than formerly." I wonder if inflation is a success. If the Bank of England, which before the war never allowed her gold reserve to drop below forty per cent of her deposits, can really get along on eight per cent, then why need it have *any* gold?

I have been asked about the British War Bonds which the United States holds—some four billions. When an Englishman contemplates the presentation of them for payment, he is "done up." I have said that the subject is hardly discussed in America, that we are receiving no interest and expecting none at present. "Why do you worry?" I asked. One man replied, "If in some way all these war debts could be gotten out of the way, business would go on splendidly." I could not ask him if he had personal profits in mind or whether he was thinking of restoring order in a turbulent world, so I merely said I could not forecast our attitude toward the payment of the principal, but we had no thought of collecting interest under present world conditions.

I am a great admirer of the British, but I think, financially, they are in a little over their heads. They should get their feet on the ground and wade a bit toward the shore. If we canceled their debt to us, and the result was business expansion and advanced prices, to be followed by another collapse and depression, what would be the use?

### CHEAP CLOTHING, DEAR GAS

The cost of living is less here than in America. While food cost is about the same, the hotel and boarding-house charges are thirty per cent less, and clothing is forty per cent less. Neither hotels nor theaters are filled.

Taxi fares are about the same as in the States, but here they pay 65 cents for gasoline and $2 a gallon for engine oil. I haven't learned whether these prices are the result of import duties or profiteering, or both, but the cost of gasoline is a subject of Government inquiry. A recent report suggests "combined action by consuming nations," "aid from the economic section of the League of Nations," "the production of substitutes, and the development of other kinds of power." Necessity is still the mother of invention, and 65-cent "gas" has caused the production of a very good looking auto truck, coal burning, steam propelled. We see many of them on the streets running at about eight miles an hour.

The greatest burden on the automobile owner is a Government tax of £1 per horse power per annum. One man whom I interviewed paid about $200 last year for operating one machine. No wonder there are few private autos on the streets and very few traffic police are required. Life for pedestrians is correspondingly safer.

I gain the impression that England, instead of taking the oil leadership of the world away from the United States, finds herself at a great disadvantage.

### THE DILEMMA

Women and girls are working everywhere. Business offices are full of them. They are also selling papers, acting as messengers, and occasionally we see a policewoman pacing her beat dressed in a dark-blue suit and an overawing helmet.

At the annual meeting of Barclay's Bank last week a shareholder protested against the bank employing women, saying that they should be laid off and unemployed ex-service men taken on. The chairman replied that the war record of the bank proved its loyalty to the men in uniform, but these women had been faithful during the war, and the bank would not desert them now. This puzzling situation reminds me of a dilemma in our works in New Jersey just before I left home. Two men, among others, had been temporarily employed and, the work being about completed, one was to be laid off. Which one—a single ex-soldier or a married man with two children? We really couldn't decide, and kept them both. But dull business cannot always "keep both." The lot of a conscientious business manager is not always a happy one.

The British Government is paying an unemployment allowance of about four dollars a week to each of a million idle people at the present time, yet it seems difficult to get maids for domestic service.

One man protests in the papers that a maid asked £55 (about $250) a year. They seem to hire out by the year, but, if they are like their profession in the States, they quit daily.

### "THREE IN THE FAMILY"

The status of women in England is worthy of a much deeper study than I am able to give it. With her vote and war-work experience she is a new social, political, and industrial element. I do not find any clash between the sexes, but the workingwoman has moved definitely away from domestic service. The wants of the English lady, however, are the same as before. She needs from three to seven servants to look after "three in the family, no children." I cut the following "want" ads out of the London "Times" this morning. There

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were about two columns of such cries for help.

GOOD singlehanded Housemaid wanted on February 15th; three in family; three maids kept; no children; an intelligent and conscientious servant desired, but exaggerated wages cannot be given.—Apply after 6.30, or by letter, to Mrs. Rose, 18 Cranley-place, Onslow-square, S.W.7.

GOOD Housemaid wanted; three in family; four maids kept, including betweenmaid; good wages; separate bed room; central heating; comfortable situation.—Mrs. Bilbrough, Adderbury Grange, Banbury.

GOOD Housemaid required at once; family four; four maids, including between-maid, kept; needlewoman; wages £36; personal reference essential.—Call, after 6 p.m., or write 53, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park.

LADY Housemaid wanted immediately for Oxshott, 35 minutes from Waterloo; three in family; lady cook and parlourmaid kept; boy for boots, knives, coals; salary £36.—Apply Mrs. C. Burgoyne, Broadlands, Ascot.

MRS. C. Du Cane requires good Housemaid; family three; butler and three servants, with betweenmaid; good wages; personal reference essential; near London.—Write Tolpits House, Rickmansworth.

UNDER-Housemaid required immediately for country, 1 hour from London; family 4; 5 servants; good references essential.—Write Box 8,178, 380 Oxford-street, W.1.

UPPER and Under-Housemaids required; two in family; six servants and odd man kept; good wages; needlewoman; good references essential.—Apply to-day, 10—3 p.m. or after 6 p.m., 14, Cavendish-place, W.

WANTED, Housemaid, third of five, also schoolroom Housemaid (one child); country; five in family; 12 servants; wages £30-£35.—Apply Housekeeper. Surrenden Dering, Pluckley, Kent.

The pay seems to run from $150 to $250 a year. Such notices would look strange in American papers; we have social contrasts, but few of us are so dependent on "help." The tendency to stick to the old until the advantage of the new has been demonstrated is an asset to the English. Americans might well follow them. But we in turn have more facility in readjustments. It is not so hard for an American "lady" to cook breakfast, when necessary; the same situation probably looms up before the English matron as the greatest calamity of the great war.

WIGS? YES, BUT NO CRIME WAVE

A court lawyer is called a barrister; the others solicitors. It is beneath the dignity of a barrister to meet ordinary clients direct. The solicitor prepares a brief and submits it to his superior; before the case goes to trial he may consent to see you. The barrister has quite a definite social position. He wears a gown and wig in court. Don't smile, fellow-American; you and I had better look under these adornments. If we do, our superior smile will become sickly.

What is the product of the British courts of justice? Strange to say, it is *justice*, prompt and unavoidable. As a result, there has been *no crime wave in England*. The transition from war to peace, from business booms to present depression, has brought no such general lawlessness as has marked the history of the United States during the last few months. Why? Well, in America we arrest only a few of our criminals, convicting perhaps ten per cent of those arrested, then we pardon most of those convicted. We let them off on generous terms.

To-day in America thousands of thugs and murderers are figuring on the risks of robbery; facts are all around them, they point to the *small average risk*. All honor to the barristers with their social positions and white wigs, all honor to the similarly bedecked justices of England. By their fruits ye shall know them. England, Scotland, and Wales have fewer murders per annum than either New York City or Chicago. It is not more police that we need, but more *justice*.

WILLIAM C. GREGG.

London, England.

# II—THE POWER OF THE ENGLISH PRESS

HIS Majesty's Postmaster-General decided that more revenue was needed from public telephones, and so he announced an increase in the rates. Nothing simpler could be imaginable in England, where the Government controls and operates the telephone and telegraph lines as well as the Post Office Department.

The day following the announcement practically every newspaper in the United Kingdom contained an article violently protesting against the increase. And in the next issue the batteries of the editorial writers were turned on the P. M. G. Big and little chambers of commerce adopted resolutions of protest and business men threatened to organize a general telephone boycott. The Newspaper Proprietors' Association, perhaps the strongest combination in England, sent a delegation to see the P. M. G., but he gave them no satisfaction. In his new country home the "P. M.," otherwise Mr. David Lloyd George, who is reputed to have one ear always close to the ground, heard a furious clanging over the telephone, and within a week of the Postmaster-General's announcement H. M. Cabinet was meeting in Downing Street to reconsider the question of telephone charges.

Perhaps there is some other country in this wide world where the power of the press is greater than it is in England, but it is not within my knowledge. No nation's press is so highly organized as Britain's; no nation has forty-odd million inhabitants crowded into an area as small as that of the British Isles.

LLOYD GEORGIAN (NOT KING GEORGIAN)

The war had a marked influence on the British press. Slow to take up the business of propaganda as a war measure, the British perfected it to a higher degree than even Germany or the United States.

Mr. Lloyd George used the press even more skillfully than Colonel Roosevelt, and even to-day he can shape opinion or send out a *ballon d'essai* in every part of the land by simply giving a brief order to one of his secretaries. Until the famous break between the Prime Minister and Viscount Northcliffe Mr. Lloyd George had the greatest press organization ever at the command of a statesman. Not only the British press, but the newspapers of America, France, Italy, and all the important neutral countries were more or less at the service of the "P. M."

To make an accurate political analysis of the English press it would be necessary to divide the newspapers into at least six groups, but roughly there are three classes: Georgian, anti-Georgian, and neutral.

Some British newspapers, Conservative and Liberal, support Mr. Lloyd George whatever the political issue under consideration. This is explained by the fact that, though the Prime Minister is a Liberal, the majority of his Cabinet associates are Conservatives and he heads a Coalition Government. The anti-Georgian newspapers are consistently in opposition on domestic issues; they are the mouthpieces of the Asquith political group, the so-called Independent Liberals. In this same class are the Labor organs. The third group is much the most interesting, containing as it does some of the best-written and most influential newspapers in the United Kingdom, Liberal and Conservative alike.

POLITICS STRICTLY HOME BREW

A local political issue is an entirely different thing from an international question in the eyes of the British press. The closest parallel is the third party who tries to intervene in a disagreement between husband and wife.

If Mr. Lloyd George, or any other British Premier, is attacked by the Government of a foreign country, the British press rushes to his support instantly. The Lloyd George Irish policy may be criticised severely in one section of the British press, but the moment that a dozen United States Senators join in the cry of condemnation they can rest assured they will find little journalistic support in England.

There is a group of British newspapers which reflects the extreme French view in the interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles, but Frenchmen have learned by experience that it is unwise to depend on this group if in that interpretation Lloyd George is adversely affected.

On foreign questions the British press is unlike that of the United States, where the newspapers frequently fail to support their Chief Executive, recent history being offered in evidence. In fact, neither French nor German statesmen enjoy such a full measure of press support on international questions as do the British leaders.

SOLID BUT FREE

"You can't believe the newspapers" is not such a common expression in England as in the United States, but possibly that is because Upton Sinclair has yet to write the English companion to "The Brass Check." A fairly full knowledge of the newspapers of both sides of

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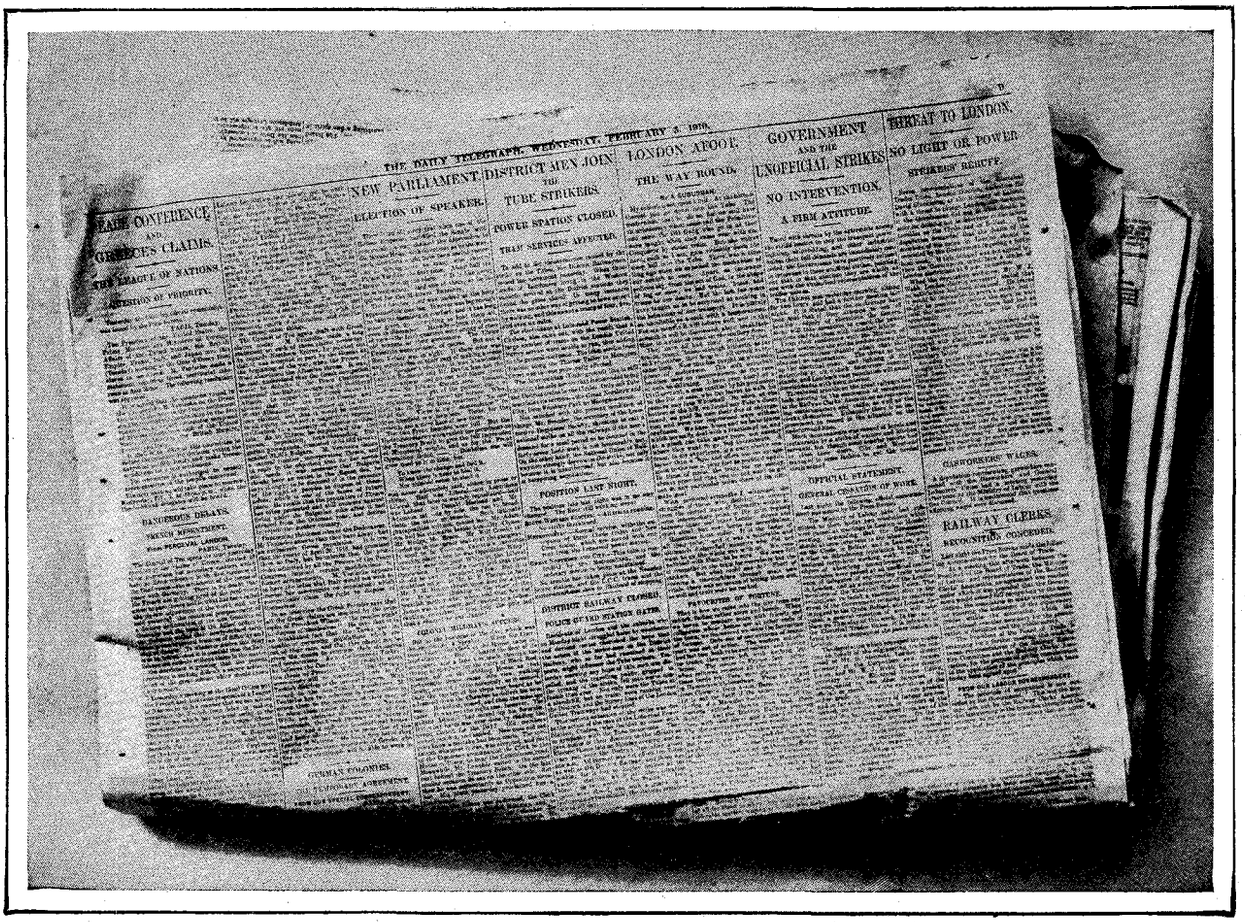
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1919.

PEACE CONFERENCE AND GERMANY'S CLAIMS.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

QUESTION OF PRIORITY.

NEW PARLIAMENT.

ELECTION OF SPEAKER.

DISTRICT MEN JOIN THE TUBE STRIKERS.

POWER STATION CLOSED.

TRAM SERVICES AFFECTED.

LONDON AFOOT.

THE WAY ROUND.

GOVERNMENT AND THE UNOFFICIAL STRIKES.

NO INTERVENTION.

A FIRM ATTITUDE.

THREAT TO LONDON.

NO LIGHT OR POWER.

STRIKERS' REPLY.

DANGEROUS DRAINS.

POSITION LIST NIGHT.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

GENERAL CESSATION OF WORK.

RAILWAY CLERKS.

RECOGNITION CONCEDED.

DISTRICT RAILWAY CLOSED.

POLICE GUARD STATION GATES.

PREVENTIVE OF POETRY.

GERMAN COLONIES.

THE CHIEF NEWS PAGE OF THE LONDON "DAILY TELEGRAPH"—FEBRUARY 5, 1919—DURING THE PEACE CONFERENCE AND THE TUBE STRIKE. NOTE THE LACONIC AND NON-COMMITTAL HEADINGS

"The British public may have a higher degree of faith in their newspapers because they make them a larger part of their life; if they did not, how could they read the long broad columns of the 'Times,' the 'Morning Post,' and the 'Daily Telegraph'?"

the Atlantic fails to reveal any striking difference in moral attitude. There are yellow newspapers, journalistic papers, political propagandists, on both sides of the water, and perhaps in the same equally small proportion to the number of fair, accurate, intelligently honest journals and writers. The British public may have a higher degree of faith in their newspapers because they make them a larger part of their life; if they did not, how could they read the long broad columns of the "Times," the "Morning Post," and the "Daily Telegraph"?

Comparisons of English and American newspapers are difficult for many reasons, chief of which is that the English press is read almost exclusively by people of the same race. There is no such thing as a hyphenated Briton, the nearest approach being the Sinn Feiner. To some Englishmen every one else is a foreigner, not excepting the Scotsman and the Welsh Premier. One London newspaper boasts of a daily circulation of almost 1,250,000. It requires no vivid imagination to appreciate the influence that paper has on the opinion of a country in which most of the population is Anglo-Saxon.

The English press boasts of its freedom in expressing its opinion—a perfectly justifiable boast from the standard of most other countries. Recently the owner, editor, and assistant of a Dublin newspaper fell afoul the military régime in Ireland and were sentenced, after trial by court martial, to long terms of imprisonment and heavy fines. English newspapers, many of them the supporters of the very policy these militarists were instructed to carry out, decided almost unanimously to exert their influence on Downing Street for the release of their fellow-journalists. Their campaign was short and successful.

### THE VOICE OF BRITISH OPINION

Theoretically the British form of Government is keenly sensitive to public opinion. An adverse vote in the House of Commons on any important Government measure means the downfall of the Premier and his Cabinet. When a general election was held immediately after the armistice in 1918, Mr. Lloyd George, whose political acumen is uncanny, decided that the wisest course was to form a combination of Liberals and Conservatives to battle against the powerful Labor group and those Liberals who still remained loyal to Mr. Asquith. The Welsh political strategist won an overwhelming victory, and he has controlled a House of Commons where he has been assured of a Liberal majority on every question. Naturally, this big group of strange political bedfellows have had differences of opinion, but compromise is the foundation of British politics.

Outside the House there is not the same spirit, and eleven by-elections have gone against the Government, five being won by Labor representatives. In all there have been 38 by-elections, in which the aggregate vote has been: Coalition 374,388; anti-Coalition, 513,916. These figures would indicate that, though Mr. Lloyd George's parliamentary majority is commanding, he does not enjoy the support of the majority of the electorate. On the other hand, this may be a totally wrong deduction, as many of the by-elections were determined on local or purely temporary issues, in which the power of the press was turned against the Premier.

The whole tendency in England is to write the war off as an unpleasant bit of history and to reorganize economically. Here is where the British press is of the greatest value. Despite the discordant elements and the profoundly difficult task of meeting the nation's financial obligations, the newspapers of England are exerting a marvelous influence on the morals of the people. The cry for "economy" brought down prices; it will also limit national expenditure.

ARTHUR S. DRAPER,
Office of the New York "Tribune,"
London, England.

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# HOLY WEEK IN

(C) Underwood

WORSHIPERS AND SIGHTSEERS AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

During the Easter Festival, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which is also pictured on the cover of this issue, is crowded with pilgrims of every nationality. Devotees of both the Latin and Greek Churches, as well as others, walk in procession and engage in solemn services. The demand for seats or vantage-points to see the services and processions is so great that many people, it is said, pass the night before Easter Sunday in and about the church in order to secure places, and, as seen in the photograph, climb upon the walls and buttresses

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# THE HOLY CITY

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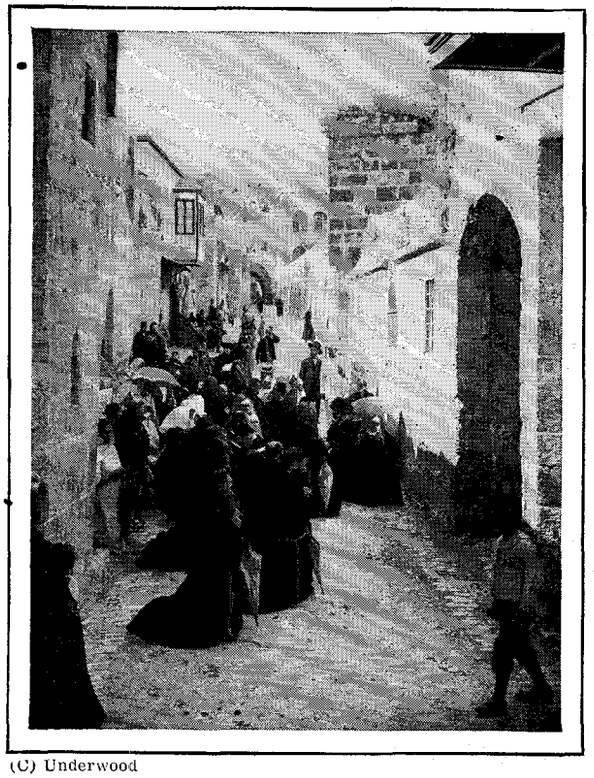
PILGRIMS PRAYING AT THE THIRD STATION OF THE CROSS

Near this Station, Christ is said to have sunk under the weight of the Cross



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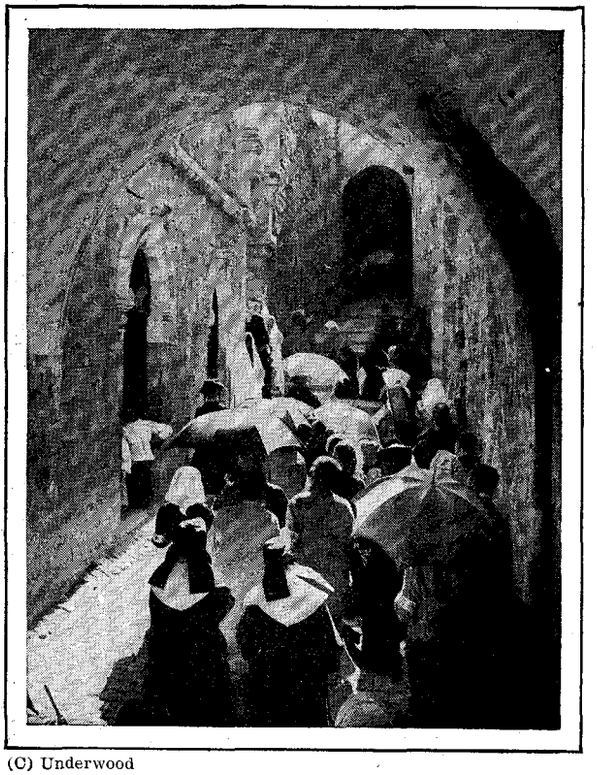
THE FOURTH STATION OF THE CROSS

At this Station, the legend runs, Christ met his Mother. This is near an old house known as "The House of the Rich Man" (Dives)



(C) Underwood

THE SIXTH STATION OF THE CROSS

St. Veronica is said to have wiped off the sweat from the Saviour's brow at this spot, and, according to legend, Christ's visage remained imprinted on her handkerchief

The Via Dolorosa is the way along which Jesus went to his crucifixion. Tradition identifies it with a street in Jerusalem and has set apart fourteen places on the way as Stations of the Cross

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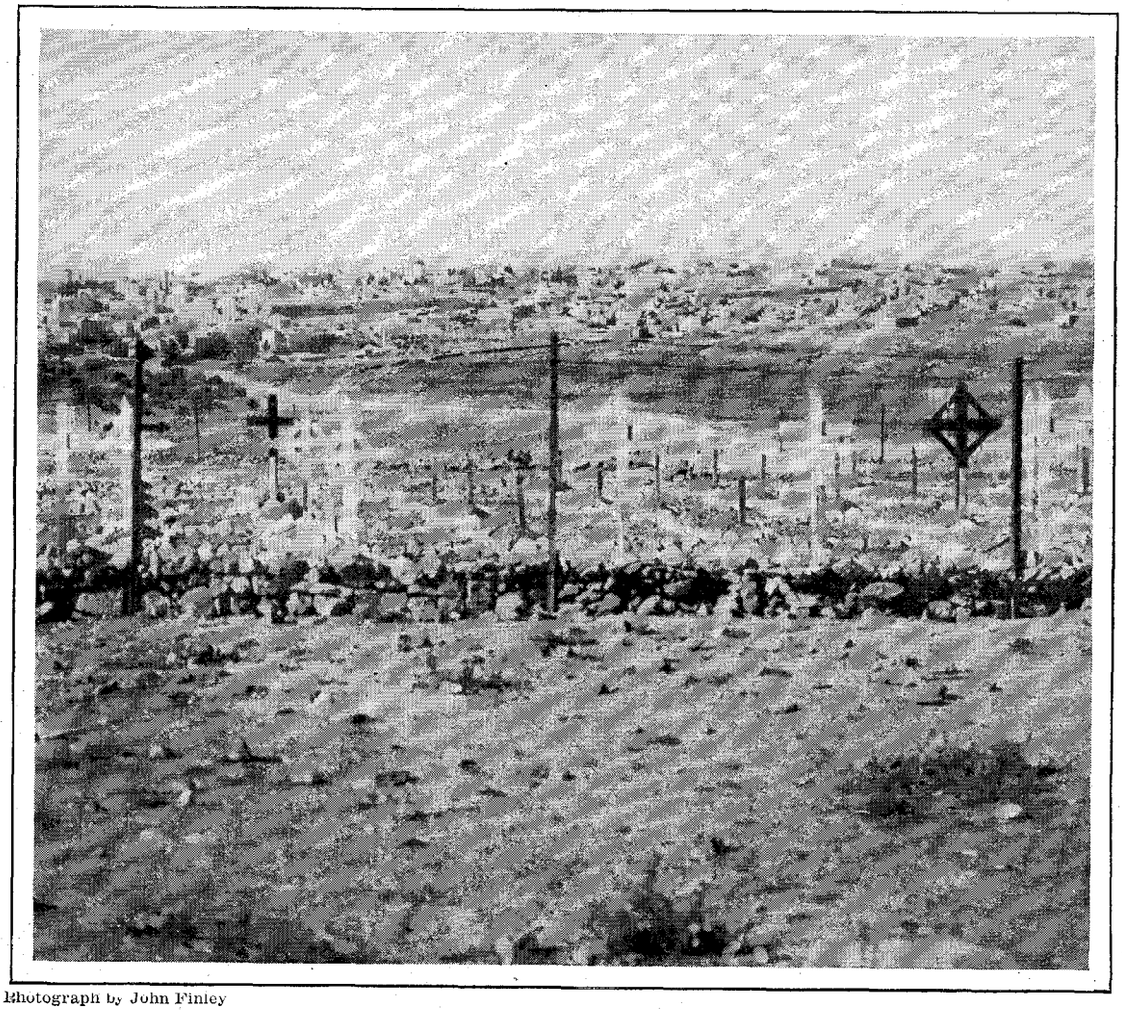

Photograph by John Finley

A VIEW FROM THE BROW OF OLIVET LOOKING TOWARD JERUSALEM

# THE EASTER FLOWERS OF OLIVET

## BY ALLAN A. HUNTER

THE Holy City is the holier for her flowers. When the time of the singing of birds is come and the rains of early spring have drenched and quickened Palestine's sacred soil with resurrection life, then do flowers appear over all the land. The desert hills round about Jerusalem rejoice and blossom as the rose; and none more abundantly than Olivet, that ramparts the city on the east and north like "the visible arm of the Lord." For on this mountain there has sprung up a profusion of wild pinks and lace flowers of yellow flax and golden groundsel. The slopes of the Mount of Olives and the Kidron Valley below are sprayed with the sun-hearted daisy, the fields invested with purpureal gleams of mallow and pimpernel.

And then, most superb of all, the royal anemones, red like crimson—"the lilies" that Jesus stopped to consider. Not even Jerusalem's richest king could array himself like one of these.

And yet before the spring is over a wind will come scorching up from the Dead Sea Valley. It will pass over these flowers of the earth, shining here in all their glory. They will fall, and the place thereof shall know them no more.

But crowning Olivet is a garden the glorious beauty of whose flowers shall never fade. This garden is planted with graves, and it blossoms with crosses—crosses of wood painted white by the comrades of those British soldiers who fell that tragic day after Christmas, 1917, when the enemy hosts swept down from the north to retake Jerusalem.

They died that the Holy City might not again be desecrated. And over there in the tiny barbed-wire plot that is their sepulcher their crosses flourish in the cloudless, radiant morning like stars of Bethlehem—flowers of pain and valor, flowers that shall never pass away.

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# IF AMERICA BORDERED GERMANY

## A POINT OF VIEW

### BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

IN these days when the voice of the pacifist is again heard in the land and the Germans here and abroad are endeavoring to prove that their poor innocent Fatherland should be paid an indemnity for having been so wantonly attacked by ruthless Belgium; when the Bolshevists are bringing liberty through a military autocracy; and when war dodgers and spies are being honorably discharged from their prisons, it is refreshing to see that there are still some who have not lost their clearness of vision.

From a lawyer in Tennessee, a captain in the American Army during the war, comes the following plaint:

"I am so often depressed now at these days of sordid selfishness that have followed the war. It seems that all our affairs are petty and unnecessary. It is a most refreshing thing to go back in memory to those soul-stirring days when self-seeking was a crime and when the public service was worth more than the greatest private gain. We were on the mountain-tops then. The decline has been so swift that I haven't quite recovered."

And from an officer in the French army, writing from the banks of the Rhine, comes a sentiment somewhat akin:

"I hope that your good wishes for France will come true, not so much on my own account as on account of my country, the ruins of which seem to have been forgotten by so many people, even including those who ought to be our friends.

"I have often regretted since the armistice the hours of military danger which France passed through, for at that time I was sure that we should be victorious. Those were the days of soldiers. Those were the days of men whose vision was clear. Since then has come the day of the merchant and usurer, and many of those upon whom we had counted seem to fear, above all, seeing France regain in times of peace that position which none sought to deny her when it was a case of fighting.

"It would be well if many persons could come here in order to be able to tell your fellow-countrymen what remains of the ruins of France (despite her magnificent efforts towards rehabilitation, considering the present penury of her resources) and also to tell the truth about Germany. Under a camouflage of apparent bankruptcy Germany is actually accumulating wealth. Under a camouflage of democracy (incidentally daily more transparent) she is preparing the return of the Hohenzollerns. More unrepentant than ever, more impudently insulting than ever, she is abusing the extraordinary credulity of her public to utter loud protests which no nation with any critical sense can read without laughter, but which stimulate hatred of the 'hereditary enemy' among Germans abroad and at home. According to a German newspaper, they are teaching school-children five years of age the following song:

> "When I am grown up
> I shall be a soldier,
> I shall have a horse,
> And shall fight the French.

"Because Germany thought she could attack France alone—France which believed in peace—she brought about a war that cost the life of one Frenchman between the ages of twenty and forty-five (of whom two-thirds were twenty to twenty-five) for every twenty-five inhabitants of France.

"Just because we have been abandoned in peace (a peace, by the way, of which many clauses disadvantageous to ourselves represent concessions to our friends) shall our enemy of yesterday be allowed to prepare a new war with impunity to-day—this time an economic war, but to be followed by a military war in a few years, a war the preparation for which we by ourselves cannot prevent? Will it be necessary, when the time comes, that our former friends, their eyes opened too late, return once more to fight a new 'last war' on the graves of the last Frenchmen?"

Our absorption in home problems makes us prone to lose sight of the French point of view. We forget that twice within the memory of living men France has been attacked by Germany. We forget that in 1871 Germany was moved by no pity for the enemy she had crushed and nearly broken. And yet that same Germany to-day, unbroken and untouched by the ravages of war, whines and by every dishonorable means in her power (means, by the way, in which she is well experienced) is endeavoring to shift the moral and physical cost of the war upon her victims.

If America bordered Germany, our sentiments would be those of France. Just because an ocean lies between us, the Germans are seeking to malign our allies and are hoping to have us help the Fatherland back so that at the earliest possible moment she may resume the war which she regrets for the sole reason that it was not successful.

Perhaps another time Germany will win.

# A MAN OF THE WORLD'S DICTIONARY

### BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

IN that sad year 1822, when England, still staggering under the burden of the lately ended Napoleonic wars, was in the thick of social, political, and economic troubles, fully as grave as those with which she is confronted to-day, there was published in London a little volume called "A Man of the World's Dictonary." It was brought out anonymously, in a discreet brown cover, and it appears to have been well received, for it went through three impressions in a year. And for the wit and wisdom which it contains it might well have gone through thirty. Perhaps this book was unknown to Meredith, perhaps the bulky figure of Oscar Wilde never bent over its pages, and quite possibly Mr. Bernard Shaw has never even heard of it. But it would certainly have paid all these gentlemen to have assimilated some of the "Man of the World's" *bon mots*.

He was not a patriot, this anonymous one. Under ENGLAND, you will find: "The land of philanthropy, most of whose inhabitants would lay the world in blood to sell a yard of linen. A country in which there is nothing polished but marble, nor any ripe fruit except roasted apples." That, *mutatis mutandis*, is the true Wilde touch. Nor does he appear to have been a profiteer, for he has none of the profiteer's reverence for wealth. GOLD to him is "A yellow metal, that causes men to be massacred, towns to be burned, citizens to be oppressed, and women to be overcome."

But he is, first and last, a thoroughgoing cynic. The first word in the book is Abbé. This is how he deals with it: "A B B É. No word has been wrested further from its original meaning than this. Abbé signifies *father;* yet those who bear this name are condemned to celibacy. It is true that, in those times when morals were purer and religion was honoured, these gentlemen occasionally recollected the etymology of their name. But never more shall we see those happy days when gallant abbés, and even waggish abbés, were so much loved. Alas! how everything has degenerated!"

The last word in the book (and it is the last quality in the book too) is YOUTH: "The age of a man till he is



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twenty and of a woman till she is fifty." That definition reminds one of Wilde's lady whose hair, when her first husband died, went quite gold from grief.

It is a fat little book, this, and wherever one opens it one gets a verbal slap in the face. On the same page as GOLD there are three other pieces of wisdom. GARRET, we are told, is "the palace of artists, the haunt of rats, and the sanctuary of genius." GAY WOMAN is "A rose, from which every lover plucks a leaf, so that the thorn is all that is left for the husband." And, lastly, a definition of the much-discussed word GENTLEMAN: "One who has duties to fulfill and models to follow, but who generally neglects to do either one or the other." On the next page we find two very good and bitter remarks:

GRATIS: "A word so foreign to our manners that it has been borrowed from a dead language."

GROW RICH: "Signifies to be a miser or a cheat, and usually to be both at once."

The "Man of the World" seems to be particularly active among the G's. Perhaps he dropped his G's and had lost his temper in endeavoring to pick them up. Let us see how he fares among the H's. Hardly better, it is to be feared. The first word is HANGING. "The English," he says, "have fits of hanging as other people have of fever. It is but just that a nation who neither think nor live like the rest of mankind should die in a way peculiar to themselves."

That is cutting enough, but what about these?

HIGHNESS: "A great name given to a little man."

HISTORY: "A word which has been so much abused that it has become synonymous with tale."

HONEST FELLOWS: "Those who hold precisely the same political opinions as ourselves." He goes on to say:

"You may be a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father—you may have injured, calumniated, and persecuted your benefactors, yet you will not figure the less in the list of honest fellows with such or such a one, in place, or out of place, while you share his political feelings and antipathies."

HONOUR: "A term whose meaning is singularly comprehensive, including both virtue and infamy. It signifies everything and it signifies nothing. We solicit the *honour* of dying for our country. We have had the *honour* of killing our best friend in a duel. We have the *honour* of reckoning among our ancestors a confessor of Louis XI, a mistress of Francis I, or a favourite of Henry III. We have the *honour* of saluting a scoundrel, of making an observation to a fool, or of writing to an idiot."

Perhaps, after all, our man of the world dropped his H's too. It would be interesting to know who this man, with his bitterness and his mordant wit, really was. Possibly he was a politician, but one can hardly imagine any of the statesmen then in power or in opposition writing in such a fashion. Liverpool's fifteen years' Premiership was slowly nearing its end; he was certainly not the man. Nor was Wellington or Eldon or Richmond, nor either the young Peel or the budding Palmerston. The only one who might have written it was Canning. Canning was a brilliant parodist and a writer of comic verse, and, had he wished, could have remembered plenty of material in his life to have made him bitter enough. But, whoever it was, it would be interesting to know what the man of the world would have said to-day, and whether his judgments would have been more favorable or whether they would have been even more biting than before. I am inclined to think the latter would be more probable.

# ROOSEVELT'S BEST CONTRIBUTION TO DEMOCRACY

## BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

IT was the human touch and the inspiration to practical, effective public service which Roosevelt gave to a multitude of men and women whom nobody can number, especially young men, in all parts of the United States; this was, I think, Roosevelt's most useful contribution to democracy. He aroused the initiative of others, not only by displaying enormous energetic initiative himself, but by his wonderfully unselfish backing up of dawning initiative on the part of the men and women whom he saw enlisted in the difficult practical political struggle for the common welfare of the American people.

So many of us have had this experience of Roosevelt. My own definite fighting interest in public affairs dates from him. I will speak of that later. I am led to reflect at the moment upon this particular sort of Roosevelt influence because of the fact that we now have for the first time a genuine Roosevelt woman in Congress.

There has been one woman already in Congress, Miss Jeannette Rankin, of Montana. She was received with delightful courtesy, and her career in the House was followed with eager interest by the whole country. The outcome was not a happy one, mainly because Miss Rankin found herself unable to follow the overwhelming sentiment of Congress and of the American people on the issue of the war. She could not bring herself to cast her vote for the sending of American young men to the trenches of the battle-fronts in France. She thus exhibited to the country the very trait which many of the opponents of woman's entrance upon the activities of government professed to fear. They professed to fear the dominance of a sort of hysterical super-idealism in the woman nature which would prove dangerous in National crises. And Miss Rankin seemed to demonstrate it. She is no longer in the House of Representatives.

But now comes along a Roosevelt woman, Miss Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma, who will furnish some argument on the other side. She is sixty-six years of age, and comes from a line of sturdy pioneer missionary stock, fearless and practical, with the right amount of control of the emotions. She appears to have helped to recruit and fit out the Rough Rider Regiment of Roosevelt in the conflict with Spain, and she seems to have been a sort of war mother to young soldiers in her section of the State during the recent world struggle. She seems to have lived, like her ancestors before her, a vigorous, fighting life of practical service.

In political heredity she is a typical Roosevelt product. Many years ago she came East to the Lake Mohonk Conference to speak about the needs of the Indians of Oklahoma. The story has recently been told of her in the accounts of her life which have followed the election:

> It was a dignified, impressive gathering, and the stranger from the West was at first conscious only of a blur of faces as she took the platform and began her address. But finally a face separated itself from the others, a face half the distance of the auditorium away, a peering, attentive face. The speaker found herself forgetting the rest of the audience and talking to that one understanding face.
>
> Her address finished, the speaker hurried to one side and sank, rather exhausted, on a settee to rest. The man who had listened so attentively left his place and made his way to her side.
>
> "I could not wait for a formal introduction," he said. "I just had to tell you how fine I thought your talk was. Your views on Indian education are mine also."

It was Theodore Roosevelt, then United States Civil Service Commissioner, with an eternal instinct for unselfish appreciation of expert knowledge or quality in others. Twelve years after, as President of the United States, he named Miss Robertson as Postmistress of Muskogee, a position which she held for more than eight years, until the Democratic Administration came into power after 1912. And now she is in Congress.

There be many who will recall Roosevelt's great sweep to the West in the summer of 1910, when he was seeking to stay the tide of revolt against the Republican party which was rising from the Mississippi to the Pacific in the middle of the Administration of President Taft. He sought to check the revolt by inspiring the party and the country

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again with his own liberalism of spirit and policy which had so commended the party to the country during the two Roosevelt Administrations. But he had in that campaign another mission of great import. From one end of the country to the other he took advantage of every opportunity to strengthen the hands of those of liberal mind who were, in the face of great odds, fighting the battle of the American people. He came one day to Denver, where Judge Lindsey, single-handed, was engaged in open conflict with "the Beast" of political and industrial machination and intrigue. Roosevelt was still a regular Republican, and was received in Denver by the dominant economic and political authorities of the community with the acclaim which attaches to regular and recent Presidential prerogative and power.

When the Roosevelt party arrived at the opera house, where the former President was to speak, the auditorium was thronged, the aisles were thronged, and standing far down in one of the aisles, packed into the throng, was Judge Lindsey, diminutive in stature, out of sight and out of harm's way, so far as the great ones of Denver knew. Lindsey had long been a thorn in the side of corrupt complacency and arrogance in the city of Denver, but he was now well packed away, outside the breastworks. He was not even on the committee to greet Roosevelt, although it was widely known that Roosevelt approved of his career, particularly in its relation to the special courts of protection for little children. The successful and powerful of Denver were on the platform in comfortable seats, while the little judge stood away back in the aisle. Roosevelt suddenly appeared on the stage, and the great audience rose in vociferous applause. Roosevelt took his seat, and his eye swept the throng. Suddenly he sprang up, and, going to the edge of the stage, he said with all the force of his vibrant personality: "I see standing in the aisle my friend Judge Lindsey. I would like to have him come to the platform and take my seat."

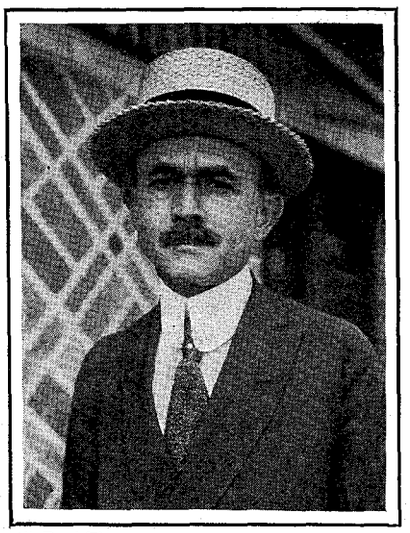
I was reminded of this incident the other day when I read that at the recent election Judge Lindsey once more carried Denver by a record-breaking majority. "The Beast" has not got him yet, and never will get him now. The mantle of power which Roosevelt threw around him that summer day in 1910 protected him from the irrational fury of that period and helped to preserve him for a long and useful life of service to his city and the little children of the world.

My own initial experience with Roosevelt is far less dramatic, but I mention this one phase of acquaintance with him because it illustrates well his method of political leadership and the way in which he attached men to him and stirred them into definite action in the service of the country. It was away back in 1907. I had never met President Roosevelt. It happened that I had just published in The Outlook an article on "The Executive Intimidation of the Judiciary," in which

MISS ALICE ROBERTSON, REPRESENTATIVE FROM OKLAHOMA

"But now comes along a Roosevelt woman, Miss Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma. . . . She comes from a line of sturdy pioneer missionary stock. . . . She seems to have lived, like her ancestors before her, a vigorous, fighting life of practical service. . . . And now she is in Congress"

I upheld the President for his rather sharp but incisive criticisms of certain phases of procedure in the Federal courts as well as of the rulings of certain Federal judges. Embodied in the article were also a few slight digs at the President for his whimsical flirtation with simplified spelling, his strenuous insistence upon fixing the terms of membership in the National Ananias Association, and other matters of that kind. Within a day or two of the time when the article appeared I received a letter from the President, in which he said that he had read the article and felt that it taught exactly the lesson which should be taught. "So far as I know," said he, "I have never hesitated to deal



(C) Paul Thompson

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

"He came one day to Denver, where Judge Lindsey, single-handed, was engaged in open conflict with 'the Beast.' . . . Lindsey had long been a thorn in the side of corrupt complacency. . . . 'The Beast' . . . never will get him now. . . . The mantle of power which Roosevelt threw around him . . . helped to preserve him for a long and useful life of service to his city and the little children of the world"

fearlessly with the labor people when I thought them wrong; to deal with the labor unions in the Moyer-Haywood-Debs matter; with the Chicago strikers under the leadership of Shea; with the fight about the open shop in the Miller case in the Government Printing Office. . . . I am well aware that the tyranny of the labor union is quite as obnoxious as the tyranny of the corporation. And I am well aware that many juries tend to decide for the labor union rather than for the corporation. But with many of our judges it seems to me that the direct reverse is the case; and I have done my best, sometimes successfully and sometimes not, to get judges who would possess the knowledge of, and therefore broad sympathy with, the men who work with their hands that they already have for the more prosperous members of the community, for those who do not work with their hands."

And he closed the letter by saying: "If you are in Washington next winter, be sure and let me see you."

Months passed, and I thought no more about it. One day the following winter an invitation came to lunch with the President at the White House. When I got there, I found that he had gathered from various parts of the United States a group of younger men about my age; and at lunch that day for more than two hours every important phase of opinion—North, South, East, and West—was sought by the President and illuminated after the Socratic fashion under his conversational leadership. There was one little incident which I recall which illustrates his tactful memory. He looked my way after we all sat down at the table, and his first remark was: "Davenport, what you said about my flirtation with simplified spelling was all right; Mrs. Roosevelt heartily agrees with you." Of course I learned afterwards that it was a custom with him while he was in the White House to keep his eye on every sign of dawning initiative in any corner of the country, get in touch with it through frequent luncheons at the White House and inspire it with his own practical idealism, and send it forth to work for a better America.

If the number of men and women in the United States upon whom Roosevelt laid the hand of appreciation and inspiration were known, it would be a great company. While no man thought more deeply upon democracy than the great and practical Lincoln—perhaps no man ever thought so deeply—and no man ever cleared a greater single obstacle from the path of democracy than he, Roosevelt, on the other hand, did more to make democracy permanently workable than any man in our history. His marvelous moral and political dynamic has permeated every corner of his country. The influence of his spirit has gone into every election district in the United States. And at this hour in all parts of America men and women are climbing up to public power and influence in their respective communities who got their start from the touch of Roosevelt.

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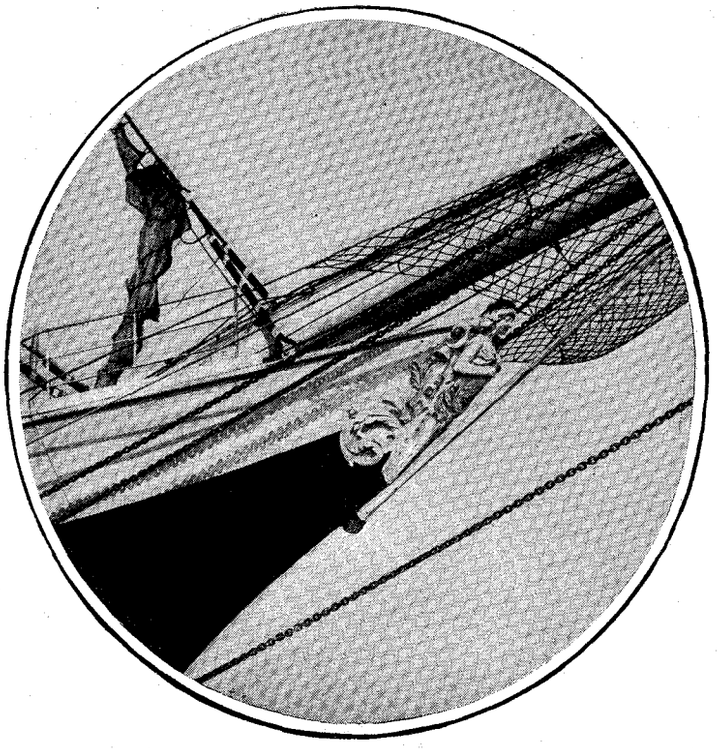
# INSOMNIA

## ANOTHER TALE OF CLIPPER SHIPS AND HANDSOME MAT

BY

MEADE MINNIGERODE



WHEN a girl is called Dyspepsia, or Timidity, or even Harmonica, you simply wonder sympathetically and pass on, but when you find the name Insomnia somewhat startlingly spread across a baptismal record you want to know the reason why.

Insomnia Crane Parsons, that was her name; born September the ninth, 1851, aboard the Golden Fleece, fifty-eight days out of New York, three days northwest of the Horn. Now if they had only called her Patagonia! Of course she was always known as Susanna, after her mother, and she signed herself Susanna, but Insomnia is the name in the log-book, in her father's own handwriting.

". . . there is no question but that we owe our lives and the safety of the ship to *my little daughter Insomnia, as I am* minded that she shall be called. . . ."

And very likely he did as he was minded, for her father was Matthew Parsons, Handsome Mat Parsons, and with him a thing determined was a thing accomplished, whether it were clipping off a day from the San Francisco run or fishing a sprung mainmast in a gale.

THE son of Gamaliel Parsons, of early Canton clipper fame, Mat inherited one solitary and all-engrossing ambition —to follow the sea.

"What do you want to be, Mat, when you grow up?" they used to ask him.

"The dandy mate of a Black Ball packet," came the invariable answer.

And Mat knew as much about packets as any one on the Battery, too, and could describe every feature of their hull and rigging. He knew, for instance, that full poop decks were replacing flush-deck construction, and that where the inner sides of bulwarks and rails were being painted white now they had formerly been finished in green.

For another thing, with all the fervor of youthful patriotism, he knew that *any* Yankee ship could sail rings around the Indiamen of the Honorable John Company, for all their bunt jiggers, and gammon lashings, and cat harpings, and he could recite the history of the Black Ball Line from bow to stern.

". . . in 1816, Mr. Isaac Wright, Mr. Benjamin Marshall, and Mr. Jeremiah Thompson established the Black Ball Line, from New York to Liverpool. Their first ships were the Amity, the Courier, the Pacific, and the James Monroe. Then came the New York, the Eagle, the Orbit, the Nestor, the James Cropper, the William Thompson, the Albion, the Canada, the Britannia, the Columbia. . . . During the first ten years the fastest passage was made by the Canada, in fifteen days and eighteen hours, . . ." and so on, as long as you cared to listen to him.

He knew that a black cross extended diagonally across a foretopsail meant a packet of the new Dramatic Line, a custom obviously aped from the large black ball just below the foretopsail close-reef band of a Black Baller, and there was not a varied swallowtail house flag whose firm name he could not tell as fast as they were broken out.

". . . the red swallowtail with the black X in the center, that's Mr. Griswold's line; a blue swallowtail and a red star, she's a Kermit Liverpool packet; white ball with a black L in center on a red swallowtail, it's a New Orleans Dramatic. . . ."

And from listening to his father and the constant gossip around him he knew what manner of work it was that the sturdy packets were called upon to do. Officered by some of the finest sailors and gentlemen afloat, they were sent across to Liverpool and back, month in and month out, in all seasons and in all weathers, bearing passengers and mails, for many years the only link between the New World and the Old.

And always at top speed. Plenty of sail and never a let-up, day and night, racing hammer and tongs every inch of the way. Racing each other, racing the Britishers, racing against time. The only things they did not race were the wallowing steamboat "tea kettles"—they simply overhauled them and left them far astern with a derisive cheer!

Matthew enjoyed that part of it best of all. Square lower, topmast, and topgallant studdingsails, skysails set on sliding gunter masts—Matthew knew all about that; three reefs in the topsails and single reefs in the topgallant sails—and let her go, with the Yankee flag at the gaff, through ice and fog and snow and gale, across the Atlantic in all its moods. And Matthew would begin to recite again:

". . . the Isaac Bell, Havre to New York in seventeen days; the Independence, New York to Liverpool in fourteen days; the Columbus, New York to Liverpool in sixteen days, against the Sheridan, eighteen days, for a wager of ten thousand dollars, play or pay—a victory for the old Black Ball against the Dramatics. . . ."

These were all very splendid matters, thought Mat, and to be a Yankee packet captain the finest thing afloat or ashore. And in due time he became one, in his pet Black Ball Line—

. . . the Black Ball ships are good and true,
*Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!*
They are the ships for me and you,
*Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!*
Then drink success to the Black Ball Line,
*Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!*
Their ships are good, their men are fine,
*Hurrah for the Black Ball Line. . . .*

First as a boy, and so on up to be "third blower," and "greaser" second mate, then "dandy mate" on the Cygnet under Captain Logan. And then, finally, on the quarter-deck of the Breeze from the West, a packet captain at twenty-seven.

That was when he first saw Susanna Crane, the girl with the golden hair. A few brief sentences exchanged there at the Atlantic Gardens, and then it was sailing day again, and when he returned she was gone with her brother.

"I *will* find her, I *will* find her, . . ."



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he kept saying to himself through two dreary voyages, and then they sent him to California. The gold rush was in full flood, the "Oh, Susanna!" song was roaring its way around the world, and on the black sandy beach of San Francisco he found her again!

"You are all the gold I want in this world," he told her.

"I was afraid I was never to see you again!" she smiled at him.

So he brought her home, around the Horn, and laughed at her dismay on finding snow everywhere down there in mid-July! Fifty-nine days later he led her down the gangplank in New York to where his father was waiting on the pier.

"I've returned with gold, sir, from California," he said to him. "Let me present Mrs. Matthew Parsons. . . ."

And all that is why little Susanna—it is impossible to think of her as Insomnia—came to be born aboard the Golden Fleece, three days northwest of the Horn.

It was Mrs. Parsons herself who insisted on it.

THE California trade was booming—fifty and sixty dollars freight money per forty cubic feet—and the new clippers were taking the water as fast as they could be got off the ways: the Challenge. the Flying Cloud, the Typhoon, the Golden Gate, the Comet, the Sword Fish, the Monsoon, the Trade Wind, the Ino, the Northern Light. . . .

Powerful, long-limbed vessels from the yards of Donald McKay, Fernald & Pettigrew, William H. Webb, Trufant & Drummond, Jacob Bell, George Raynes, Jacob A. Westervelt, Perrin, Patterson & Stack—marvels of beauty and speed, the joy of their builders, the glory of a ship-loving nation, and the pride of the Yankee merchant fleets whose ornament they became.

"We are building a new ship," his owners told Mat one day, "up at McKay's. She will measure about two hundred and twenty-five by forty, twenty-one and a half feet deep, and register seventeen hundred and eighty-three tons. Finished in teak and mahogany—we are sparing no expense. . . ."

"A very sweet ship," said Mat. "Teak and mahogany look very well on deck. How is she rigged?"

"Her mainmast will be eighty-eight feet," they expounded. "Main yard, eighty-two. She will carry three standing skysail yards; royal, topgallant, and topmast studdingsails at the fore and main; single topsail yards; square lower studdingsails and swinging booms at the fore. Four reef bands in the topsails, single reefs in the topgallantsails, topsail and topgallant bowlines.

"What are you calling her?" asked Mat.

"We are leaving that to you," they smiled. "We want you to take command, and you shall name her, and Mrs. Parsons here shall christen her. She will be for the California trade, of course."

"For the California trade!" Mat exclaimed, looking at his wife. "I—I am very grateful to you for the honor, but I must say no."

"He means yes," said Mrs. Parsons, nodding her golden head.

"Oh, did I say no?" laughed Mat. "I meant yes, of course. That is, if I may have my mate from the Breeze from the West with me. We see eye to eye, my mate and I, in the matter of carrying sail."

"Yes," breathed Mrs. Parsons, but there was pride in her eyes. "When other ships are lying hove-to, my husband and Mr. Stimson are pacing the deck whistling for more wind! He has never lost a spar, though,. . . ." she added quickly.

"You shall keep Mr. Stimson, of course," they agreed. "Now what will you name her, Captain Parsons?"

"She shall be named the—the Golden Fleece," said Mat, and they all laughed until Mrs. Parsons blushed.

So she was launched and christened and brought down to her berth in the East River, and they began sending out her advertising cards—very gaudy-colored affairs, as befitted a new ship, bordered in gold, with a showy picture of a gentleman purporting to be Jason reaching for the golden fleece, and announcing to the mercantile world that—

THE NEW, SPLENDID, AND MAGNIFICENT
Out and Out, Extreme, All First Class
Clipper Ship
GOLDEN FLEECE
Matthew Parsons, Master,
Is receiving cargo at Pier 19, E. R.
And having one-third of her cargo actually
on board
WILL HAVE EXTRAORDINARY DESPATCH

A FEW days later Mat came home and found his wife packing away her etceteras.

"What are you doing, my dear?" he asked her.

"Why, I'm getting ready," she replied, looking up at him from the floor, where she was sitting. "For the voyage."

"For the voyage!" Mat exclaimed. "You're never planning to come with me in the Golden Fleece?"

"And why not?" she countered. "Any number of captain's wives follow their husbands to sea. Why shouldn't I go?"

"It's absolutely out of the question," Mat began. "I won't allow it. . . ."

"And why not?" she asked again. "Would you prefer not to have me with you, or don't you think I'll be at home on the Golden Fleece?"

"Oh, my dear, it isn't that," Mat said, gently. "I would rather be near you than command the fastest clipper afloat; and you are a sailor's wife, and fit to walk the quarter-deck of *any* ship—and take your turn at the wheel, too. . . ."

"Very well, then," she smiled up at him. "That's why I'm packing."

"But . . . but . . . but . . ." Mat stammered helplessly, and came a step nearer, towering over her, his arms outstretched, his eyes very tender.

She stood up before him suddenly and put her hands on his firm, broad shoulders. For a moment she gazed into his eyes, and in that moment Mat knew that she would have her way with him, be the risk what it might.

"Matthew," she said to him, "you have to go, and you know that I could not stay behind. We shall want to be near each other. I am a sailor's wife, and my husband's ship is my home. The—the child shall be born on shipboard. . . ."

She laughed gayly into his troubled eyes and turned to draw out a volume from his bookshelves, a tattered Maritime Manual.

"See," she exclaimed, mischievously, hunting through the worn pages. "Here it is—

> The Master of a Vessel at sea may be required to administer medical aid to those on board. He may even be required to set a broken arm, or saw off a leg, or assist a woman in childbirth. . . .

I suspect there's nothing so very unusual in babies being born at sea, or they wouldn't have put it in the Manual!"

"Sweet sailor's life!" Mr. Stimson exclaimed when he was told about it. "This here, now, Golden Fleece will be a floating nursery. The cat's getting ready to have kittens, too!"

The day came finally for the Golden Fleece's departure, July 14, and she dropped down the East River from the loading berth to her anchorage off the Battery to take on the remainder of her crew, while a considerable concourse of spectators gathered in the Park to watch the new clipper put to sea and admire her graceful hull and towering masts.

For an hour or more she was the center of a busy swarm of Whitehall boats, scurrying back and forth, bringing odd lots of sailors and their dunnage to be put aboard under the eye of a boarding-house runner, many of them in varying stages of blissful indifference as to their whereabouts, identity, and destination!

". . . over the side with them! . . ."

In bowlines, then a hastily scribbled receipt for each of them from the mate to the runner, and dump them into their bunks in the forecastle to sleep it off, while the gang of longshoremen farseeingly provided were helping to get the ship ready for sea.

And then as the last Whitehall boat left her the tide began to turn and she swung easily to the wind. From the Battery the pilot could be seen on the quarter-deck in consultation with the captain, and the captain's golden-haired wife standing beside him.

"That pretty Mrs. Parsons . . ."

THE mate was at his post, in charge of the topgallant forecastle with the "third blower;" the second and fourth mates and the boatswain's mate were standing by to work the main deck and watch the anchor come in. Such of the crew as were not laboring under the delusion that they were still in a Cherry Street dance-hall were mustered on the forecastle, ready to man capstan-bars and ropes.

The Golden Fleece was sailing.

"Man the windlass, Mr. Stimson, and

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heave short, . . ." the order went forward.

"All right, men," the mate cried out. "Heave away on the windlass breaks—and strike a light!"

Over to the Battery Park the chantey man's song went floating while the anchor began to come in slowly over the windlass:

. . . Come heave up the anchor, let's
get it aweigh.
*Away, Rio,*
It's got a firm grip, so heave steady,
I say,
For we're bound to Rio Grande.
And away, you Rio,
Oh, you Rio,
Sing fare you well, my bonny
young girls,
For we're bound to the Rio Grande.

Now you Bowery ladies, we'll have
you to know,
*Away, Rio,*
We're bound to the southward, oh,
Lord, let us go,
For we're bound to Rio Grande.
And away, you Rio,
Oh, you Rio,
Sing fare you well, my bonny
young girls,
For we're. . . .

"'Vast heaving!" came the cry. "The anchor's apeak, sir."

"Loose sails fore and aft. . . ."

"Aye, aye, sir. Aloft there, you scum, loosen sails—royals and skysails, leave staysails fast."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Cast that gasket adrift on the foretopsail yard—get your watch tackles along to the topsail sheets. . . . Hook on the pendant, you lubbers. . . ."

The sails were loose, fluttering in their gear, courses, topsails, topgallantsails, royals, skysails.

"Sheet home the topsails!" came the order. "Ease down handsomely as the sheets come home!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

". . . lively there with those buntlines. Belay port maintopsail sheet — rouse home the starboard sheet. . . . Now then lay down on the main yard. . . ."

"Belay starboard—well the mizzen topsail sheets belay. . . . Lead out topsail halyards fore and aft and masthead her!"

"Aye, aye, sir. Long pulls now—strike a light, there, strike a light. . . ."

. . . Yeo, aye, and we'll haul,
*To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots,*
Yeo, aye, and we'll sing,
*To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots,*
To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots,
To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots. . . .

"Belay maintopsail halyards. . . ."

The sails were set fore and aft. The anchor was being brought to the rail with—

New York City is on fire,
*With a hoodah and a doodah,*
New York City is on fire,
*Hoodah, doodah, day!*
Blow, boys, blow,
For Californi-o,
There's plenty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks o'
The Sacramento!

The Golden Fleece began to pay off, gathering way, and from the Battery came a rousing cheer.

"Dip the ensign," commanded Mat.

They were away, down the bay, for the trip around the Horn. . . .

WHEN he had discharged the pilot outside of Sandy Hook, Mat turned to his mate.

"What kind of a crew do we seem to have shipped this time, Mr. Stimson?" he asked.

The mate turned and spat over the rail before replying. Mrs. Parsons had gone below to put her stateroom in order, and there was no one to hear them talk.

"It's probably the biggest bunch of, now, ruffianly cutthroats and blacklegs ever walked a deck, if you want my opinion," Mr. Stimson remarked.

"What are you saying? . . ."

"Well, there's supposed to be fifty-six men before the mast and eight boys. Two out of that lot are Americans, and I doubt if we'll find more than six of them to act as quartermasters and steer the ship."

From "The Clipper Ship Era," by Arthur H. Clark (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

DONALD McKAY

"Powerful, long-limbed vessels from the yards of Donald McKay, Fernald & Pettigrew, William H. Webb, Trufant & Drummond, Jacob Bell, George Raynes, Jacob A. Westervelt, Perrin, Patterson & Stack—marvels of beauty and speed, the joy of their builders, and the pride of the Yankee merchant fleets"

"And the rest?"

"Blacklegs," said Mr. Stimson. "Black-minded, yellow-livered blacklegs. Never saw a ship before except in a picture over a bar. Don't know the difference betwen a martingale boom and a monkey gaff. Dance-hall scum on their way to the gold mines stealing a ride. Not even an honest packet rat among them. This will be a sweet, now, trip!"

"Mutiny?" Mat asked, quietly.

"Mutiny, and full-rigged hell!" said the mate.

Mat turned away and leaned over the rail for a moment, watching the water rippling by. Of course it was not too late to put back and secure a new crew. . . . Then he drew Mr. Stimson aside and spoke with him earnestly for a while.

". . . do you understand? Muster the entire crew aft—I'll keep them busy while you're at it. Take the mates and the carpenter and boatswain. Report to me afterwards in my stateroom. . . ."

All hands were called aft, while Mr. Stimson disappeared into the forecastle, and it seemed to Mat as he looked at them there before him that never in all his experience had he seen a more villainous set of human beings than this precious crew of his. And then he began to talk to them, slowly and good-humoredly:

". . . you are aboard of a fine, comfortable ship—plenty to eat, good pay, and very little work, as you all know. What work there is to do must be done readily, for the welfare and safety of all, and when your officers give an order it must be obeyed at once. It may mean the lives of the entire ship's company. Just a word more before dismissing you: I hope none of you have brought spirits on board—this is an American vessel, and, as you all know, grog is not allowed—or weapons of any sort. These things are only liable to make trouble at sea. That will do. . . ."

The men shuffled forward again, grumbling among themselves, and Mat went below. In the saloon he found Mr. Stimson and the third mate.

"Well?" he asked them.

"Well," said Mr. Stimson, "this here, now, floating paradise, the Golden Fleece, is less of a navigating hardware store than she was twenty minutes ago. We broke open their chests and ransacked their bags, and heaved the lot overboard."

"The lot!"

"Everything calculated to give trouble, I mean—knives, pistols, sling-shots, knuckle-dusters. . . ."

"Rum bottles, . . ." put in the third mate.

"Yes," Mr. Stimson smiled. "There's only belaying-pins and capstan-bars left on board now, and I'm figuring we'll use those ourselves. . . ."

"Good," said Mat. "A little handspike hash will do wonders. We'll make sailors out of this crew yet. Now, Mr. Stimson, when you pick your watches have each man who is wearing a knife lay it down on the main hatch and let the carpenter break off the points of the blades."

"Aye, aye, sir. . . ."

"And tell the officers that they will always come on deck armed."

"Very good, sir. . . ."

"And—and don't say anything to Mrs. Parsons," Mat concluded.

Meanwhile the Golden Fleece was surging southward from Sandy Hook to the Equator, from the Equator to 50° S. Atlantic. In the first blow she ran into the mate danced up and down the deck like a wild Indian at the sight of his sails slatting to pieces because of the inability of the crew to handle them.

"You scum!" he roared at them. "You

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dregs from hell's coffee-pot! I'll teach you to stand there rolling your eyes! Up aloft with you and stow those sails, or I'll beat the living jumping Jonah out of you!"

And with the mates and the sailmaker, the carpenter, the steward, and the boatswain, and even the grinning darky cook, at his side, the crew went stumbling and scrambling aloft in a cloud of capstan-bars and heavers!

"Sweet sailor's life!" Mr. Stimson panted afterwards. "It's like killing seals, only nowhere near as profitable!"

"We'll have trouble with them later," prophesied the third mate, as though he were looking forward to it.

"I'll trouble them!" stormed Mr. Stimson. "I'll trouble them with handspikes and belaying-pins, I'll — pipe down, there's the lady. . . ."

Some seven weeks of this, with Mat and his officers on their guard night and day and the crew muttering and growling among themselves, and the Golden Fleece began to meet the long gray rollers from the Horn. One westerly gale after another swept down against her, and Mat and the mates took turns watching the sheets and halyards to prevent the crew from letting them go by the run.

But they rounded the Horn somehow, after losing three men from aloft, and turned to the northwest, with all sails set to Mr. Stimson's satisfaction and the belaying-pins back in their places for the first time. And with the crew ominously quiet and suspiciously willing, as they headed for 50° S. Pacific.

"They seem to have settled down," said the third mate, regretfully.

"Yes. I'd trust any one of them with an empty pocketbook from here as far as the rail," Mr. Stimson remarked, grimly.

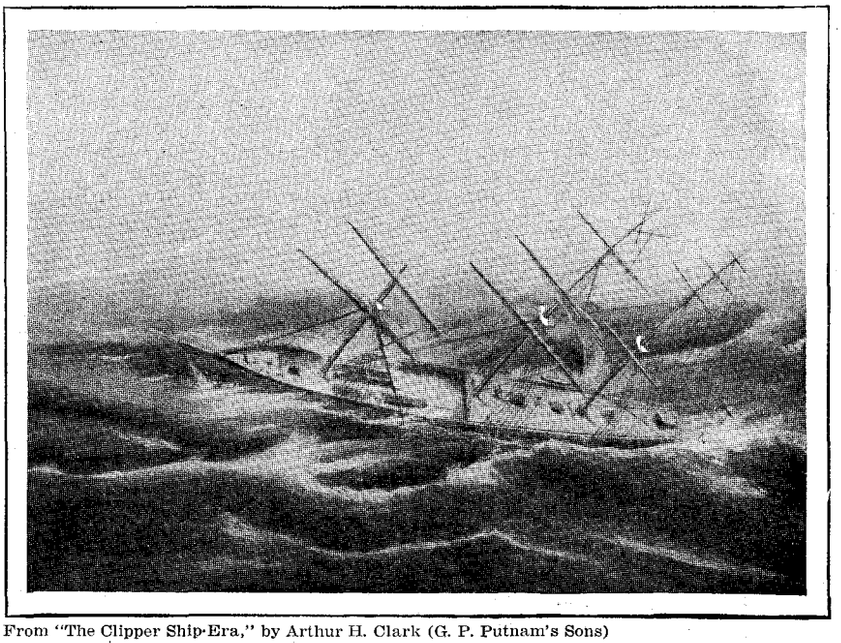
But Mat for once was not thinking of his crew, or even of his ship, if such a thing had been possible. Worn out as he was with the constant care of this nerve-racking voyage, there was another matter now that filled his mind.

"Matthew," his wife had whispered to him the day before, "Matthew, it will be very soon now. . . ."

The baby was born on September 9, three days northwest of the Horn, at two bells in the morning watch. A baby girl, and Mr. Stimson swore enthusiastically and perspiringly throughout the night.

"Sweet sailor's life!" he bellowed at the third mate at one point in the proceedings. "God save us all! Mr. Parsons, he's turned into a saved midwife, and save my eyes if I don't believe they expect me to be a saved wetnurse to this here, now, infant that's come aboard, by the great jumping Jonah! Heaven and salvation! . . ."

From the very first, for some reason best known to herself, the baby displayed a marked disinclination to sleep. She simply would *not* sleep, but lay round-eyed hour after hour, especially at night, wondering, no doubt, what it was all about.



From "The Clipper Ship Era," by Arthur H. Clark (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

THE COMET

"The California trade was booming, . . . and the new clippers were taking the water as fast as they could be got off the ways: the Challenge, the Flying Cloud, the Typhoon, the Golden Gate, the Comet, the Sword Fish, the Monsoon, the Trade Wind, the Ino, the Northern Light"

"She seems to suffer from insomnia," laughed Mat, who, now that his own trouble and the worst of the trip were safely over, showed every indication of making up for his tiny daughter's somnolent deficiencies.

Four or five weeks went by, and the Golden Fleece crossed the Equator once more. The end of the voyage was drawing near, and the crew were so well behaved that the officers began to disregard Mat's instructions about appearing on deck armed. As for the baby, she continued obstinately wakeful.

". . . but Matthew, dear, she *does* sleep, really she does!" Mrs. Parsons assured Mat.

"She's a freak!" insisted Mat. "Hasn't batted an eyelid since she was born. Extraordinary case of insomnia. . . ."

And then one night Mat was aroused out of a very sound sleep by the infuriated wailings of his daughter.

"What's the matter with you now?" he growled. "Just because *you* don't sleep, you know, is no reason to wake everyb—"

To his slowly aroused senses there had come suddenly the sound of scuffling footsteps from above, and a breathless voice—

"Help! . . . help! . . . Captain Parsons! . . ."

Mat sprang from his bunk and rushed through the saloon and up the companionway. Up forward on the main deck, in the moonlight, with his back against the port bulwark, he caught sight of Mr. Stimson, fighting off with his bare fists four of the crew, who had attacked him with knives. His shoulder and hands were cut and bleeding, and blood was streaming down one cheek.

Mat grabbed an iron belaying-pin from the rail and sprang forward with a roar.

"Kick them in the stomach, Stimson!" he bellowed. "I'm with you. . . ."

He swung the heavy pin with both hands above him, and crashed it down on the two nearest heads.

"Murder my mate! . . . Murder my mate! . . ." he kept grunting.

When it was all over—Mr. Stimson had done for one of them himself—two of the mutineers were dead and the other two were stunned and battered. They were put in irons after they had told their story. The old story of relaxed vigilance and secretly fostered mutiny, culminating in this attempt to murder the officers one by one and seize the ship. As for the two corpses, Mat routed out the crew and pointed at them.

"Take a good look at these galley rats," he said. "And try and profit by their example. Then you can bury the murderers. . . ."

"Sweet sailor's life!" Mr. Stimson exclaimed afterwards when he was having his wounds dressed in the saloon. "Jumped at me from behind, the murdering cockroaches! I thought no one would ever come! Guess you saved my life, Captain Parsons. . . ."

"No, don't thank me," smiled Mat. "Thank my daughter. I was sound asleep, but of course *she* wasn't, and she heard you and squawked fit to raise the dead. . . ."

"Matthew!" from Mrs. Parsons.

"Well, it's a fact," insisted Mat. "There's no question about it. Thanks to her habit of staying awake all the time, she saved our lives and she saved the ship! Susanna, my dear, do you know what I am going to do?"

"What? . . ."

"I'm going to name her Insomnia."

"Hush, Matthew," said Mrs. Parsons. "The baby's asleep."

"Sweet jumping Jonah!" exclaimed Mr. Stimson. "What next?"

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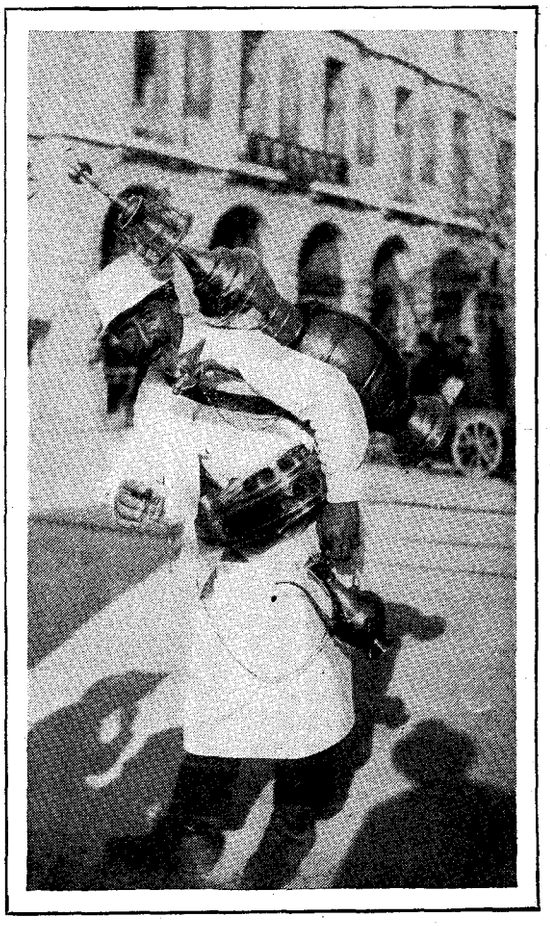
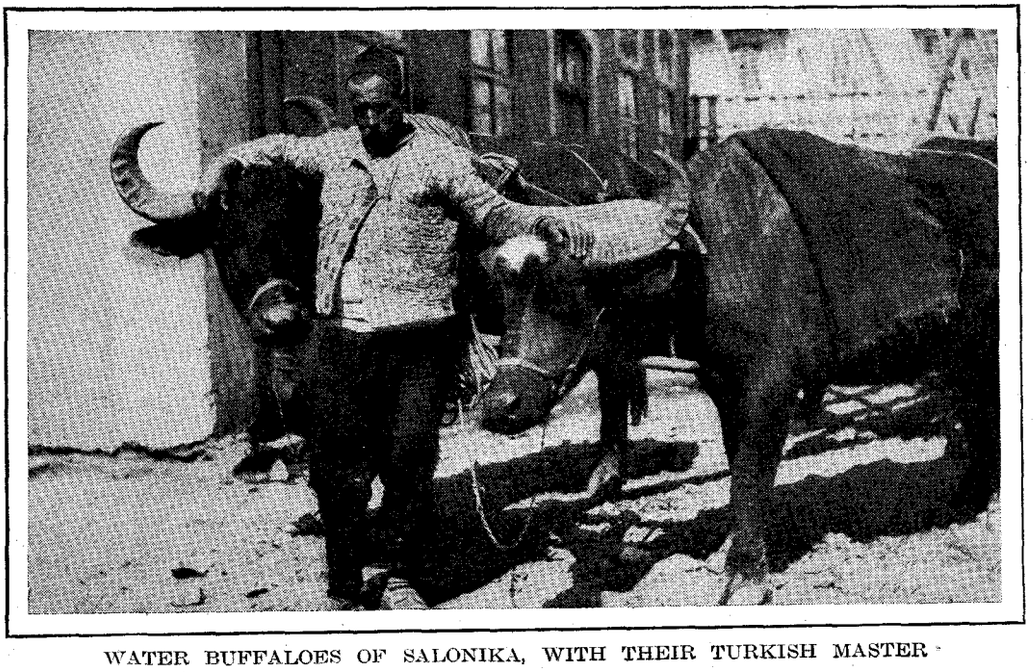
# PATIENT LABORERS OF GREECE

## AS SEEN BY AN OUTLOOK READER

HAMAL, OR BAGGAGE CARRIER, OF SALONIKA



AN ATHENIAN LEMONADE SELLER



WATER BUFFALOES OF SALONIKA, WITH THEIR TURKISH MASTER

From Mrs. Fred Curtis Ells, Piræus, Greece

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# THE BOOK TABLE

## A JURIST AND IDEALIST

BOTH in the profession and in popular estimate there is a definite impression that the law has been commercialized in the past few decades. Many question whether a Marshall would to-day have opportunity to develop the fundamental principles which his decisions established in the early part of the last century. By such critics it is believed that the leading lawyers of to-day devote their talents to securing immediate results, based on technical statutory and legal construction, and that the profession is honeycombed by hordes of little men whose delight is to make a fetish of procedural meticulousness.

As an antidote to such gloomy appraisal the profession at large, and all interested in the historical development of law, are indebted to Mr. Harold J. Laski for bringing within easy reach some of the fruits of Mr. Justice Holmes's work. These papers[1] cover a period from 1885 to 1918, and all have been previously published. His "Early English Equity," "Agency," and the "Path of the Law" will be welcomed by many readers as old familiar friends whom they will be glad to entertain again. It will be difficult for any sincere person to read the whole collection without seeing that all leaders have not bowed the knee to Baal.

The book reveals the high-minded teacher, justice, and idealist. His addresses sometimes make it clear that he is of the blood of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." His regard for his profession is high, and we remember no more appreciative definition of the law professor than "The contagious interest of companionship should make the students partners in their teachers' work. The ferment of genius in its creative moment is quickly imparted. If a man is great, he makes others believe in greatness; he makes them incapable of mean ideals and easy self-satisfaction."

Mr. Justice Holmes is no believer in easy accomplishment, and his forecast is not over-rosy. The family humor, however, does not fail him when he quotes a student's criticism of his somewhat somber view: "*You* would base legislation upon regrets rather than upon hopes."

[1] Collected Legal Papers. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

## THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

**BAD MAN (THE).** By Charles Hanson Towne. (Based on the Play by Porter Emerson Browne.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A "novelization" of one of the most popular plays of the season.

**FIRST SIR PERCY (THE).** By Baroness Orczy. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A tale of the Netherlands in the days of Maurice of Nassau; intrigue, poisoning, war, and the clash of duelists' swords fill the book with activity and suspense.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

**MINIATURE COLLECTOR (THE).** By Dr. George C. Williamson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This book, with its scores of attractive reproductions of noted miniatures, will be especially useful for the experienced collector, but a reading of it by any one with a predilection for a hobby will be likely to add another to the host of miniature enthusiasts.

BIOGRAPHY

**GAMBETTA.** By Paul Deschanel. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The author's prominence, first as President of the French Chamber of Deputies, then as President of the Republic, and later as candidate for Senator, lends peculiar interest to this biography. As the reader turns page after page of it he feels that the experiences of this latter-day statesman have, to a certain extent, guided his treatment of the experiences of an earlier-day political leader whom he knew personally. The book as a whole should prove of great value to the student of modern French history. It is not written with as much vivacity as we often find among French authors.

**REIGN OF PATTI (THE).** By Herman Klein. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

Adelina Patti was not only a great prima donna, but also an engaging personality. This we find well set forth in the present volume. Its author knew Madame Patti, and his work is in every sense authoritative.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

**EUROPE 1789–1920.** By Edward Raymond Turner, Ph.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

This is an interpretative history of modern Europe. We are glad that the sub-title "1789–1920" is not too exclusive and that the author gives us some description of history from 1603, when James I arrived from Scotland to mount the throne left vacant by Elizabeth's death. The text reflects careful scholarship of course, and also the new significance which certain facts have taken on since 1914. The work is well equipped with maps and should prove a valuable volume of reference.

**GROPING GIANT (THE).** By William Adams Brown, Jr. The Yale University Press, New Haven.

Other writers have written more fully about the Russian people—their customs, their institutions, their habits. But we know of no writer who has portrayed more effectively the character and temperament of the Russian people themselves. Mr. Brown is a very understanding person. He does not in the least conceal his American democracy. He apparently did not conceal it from his Russian friends and acquaintances. But he did not obtrude it upon them, and it did not prevent him from sympathizing with those with whom he did not in the least agree. His book is a "mental photograph," even more interpretative than that furnished by John Spargo, William English Walling, Bertrand Russell, or H. G. Wells. It does for the Russian what Victor Brenner has done by his statue of "The Awakening Giant" and Rembrandt by his picture of "The Noble Slav." In all the confusion of Russian life, in all the conflicting currents and purposes, conscious and unconscious, of the Russian people, Bolsheviki, peasant, intellectuals, ex-nobility, he discovers, and enables his readers to discover, "a Russia groping blindly about for some way to realize an ideal of freedom for which she was in almost every sense unprepared but for which she would accept no permanent substitute." As a collection of interviews and an interpretation of character it is instructive; as a book of experience it is fascinating.

**LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOVS (THE).** By George Gustav Telberg and Robert Wilton. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

This is a book of tragic interest. One of its authors is Professor of Law at the University of Saratov and former Minister of Justice in the Russian Government at Omsk. The other author is a correspondent of the London "Times." The first author has taken copies of the depositions (or sworn statements) in the investigation of the Bolshevist murder of Nicholas II and his family at Yekaterinburg in July, 1918. These statements, taken together, narrate the life of the Imperial family from the date of the Emperor's abdication to his murder. Mr. Wilton's narrative supplements the translations from the official records. The volume discloses new light upon the Emperor's character and upon the members of the Romanov family. It is illustrated with hitherto unpublished photographs.

POETRY

**ATTIC OF THE PAST, AND OTHER LYRICS (THE).** By Louis Ginsberg. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Mr. Ginsberg is an enthusiastic observer of life. His enthusiasm, however, has outstripped his power of self-criticism, for he betrays a discouraging lack of ability to discriminate between what is good and what is bad in his verse.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.** By Henry Osborn Taylor. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These solid volumes give a luminous interpretation of the thought of a wonderful century—that which saw Luther, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Rabelais, Bacon, Copernicus. The treatment of the



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vast theme is thoroughly sympathetic yet modern in its point of view, and the style is scholarly without being pedantic.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**ENGLAND; BELGIUM.** Edited by Findlay Muirhead, M.A., F.R.G.S. The Blue Guides. Maps and Plans. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. Muirhead's series of "Blue Guides" are initiated by books on England and Belgium. In form and in general effect they remind one of the Baedeker books; their particular excellence lies, of course, in their being very much up to date. They will be welcome as clear and practical guides, and also as reference books for use in the quiet of one's study.

**IN BERKSHIRE FIELDS.** By Walter Prichard Eaton. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Mr. Eaton's book will of course appeal to lovers of the Berkshires. The book, however, is not, as may be anticipated, so much a description of Berkshire landscapes as it is in particular of the little creatures who populate the Berkshire Hills—the birds and insects, indeed all the animal life. His descriptions of that life are charming and he eloquently pleads for its preservation. The text is, as it should be, exquisitely illustrated.

**IN MOROCCO.** By Edith Wharton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Popular attention has recently been so strongly directed to Mrs. Wharton's novels that we may be in danger of forgetting her writing in another field. The present volume is therefore timely. It will make any reader who has ever vsiited Morocco long to revisit that country, and especially in this brief interval "between its virtually complete subjection to European authority and the fast-approaching hour when it is thrown open to all the banalities and promiscuities of modern travel." Aside from the author's characteristically acute observation of country and people, her account of the five years' work of Lyautey (one of the greatest of colonial administrators) as Resident-General would alone make the book well worth any one's attention.

**LAST CRUSADE (THE).** By Donald Maxwell. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

In 1918 the British Admiralty sent the author of this volume to Palestine as official artist to make sketches for the Imperial War Museum. The present volume shows the results. It comprises some hundred sketches in color, monochrome, and line. The sketches are vivid, though of uneven value. The text is of more even value. It has a continuous, conversational quality and an unfailing humor and keenness.

**WITH GRENFELL ON THE LABRADOR.** By Fullerton L. Waldo. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

To Dr. Grenfell's recently published autobiography any one interested in his great work should add Mr. Waldo's book. It describes the Labrador country. It shows vividly the kind of folk who live there. And it shows in particular what Dr. Grenfell has wrought among them. It is easy to say that he has healed the sick and clothed the naked and fed the starving. We know, too, that he has established hospitals and co-operative stores and shelters. But what we do not know so well is that he has done all these things for twenty-nine years in an almost boyish way, that his light heart and his sturdy cheer and his absence of pose and of pietistic manner have carried the goodness of his work straight home to the people of Newfoundland and Labrador and to contributors in America and England with an effective appeal quite apart from and beyond any actual material good accomplished. We are glad to have this account of Dr. Grenfell from a journalist who puts his subject's buoyant, engaging personality strongly to the fore. Incidentally, that personality ought to count for a great deal in these days when Dr. Grenfell is trying to get together $1,500,000 with which to endow his hospital work. His written appeal ought to be enough, it is true, to do this. But wherever he appears his modest, simple manner, as he casually describes the hardships and perils of the North, is overwhelmingly convincing.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

**GREATHEART OF THE SOUTH (A).** John T. Anderson, Medical Missionary. By Gordon Poteat. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A loving tribute to a useful life that was too soon ended. The book will be of particular interest to those interested in missions.

EDUCATIONAL

**LIBERAL COLLEGE (THE).** By Alexander Meiklejohn. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

The first of a series of volumes by Amherst College men, to be known as the "Amherst Books." The inception of this admirable plan is in honor of the end of Amherst's first century of usefulness. The volume is a liberal-minded discussion of the problems of college education—what should a liberal college be and do, what should it not be, how should it influence public life and private culture?

MISCELLANEOUS

**SPEECHES DELIVERED BY EDOUARD DE BILLY DURING HIS MISSION IN THE UNITED STATES, 1917–1919.** Berger-Levrault, Nancy.

Any one who met the late Edouard de Billy, either in France or during his mission in the United States, will welcome this volume of his speeches. They record the aspirations and reflections of one who combined in admirable degree both realism and idealism. The book should serve to call attention to the real foundation of the sympathy between France and America.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

**HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS (THE).** By Kermit Roosevelt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

There are two chapters in this book that none of Theodore Roosevelt's friends and admirers should miss—the first, which is a delightful account of companionship between father and son and of training in fortitude and forbearance, and the last, which is a picturesque and racy account of the friendship between Theodore Roosevelt and Seth Bullock, "last of the frontiersmen."

# BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

**DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI (THE).** The Italian Text with a Translation in English Blank Verse and a Commentary. By Courtney Langdon. Vol II—**PURGATORIO.** The Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

**LITTLE HOMESPUN SONGS AND VERSES.** Woven from Thoughts of Children. Words and Music by Beatrice Hubbell-Plummer. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

**MOONS OF GRANDEUR.** A Book of Poems. By William Rose Bénet. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**EARLY TUDOR POETRY, 1485-1547.** By John M. Berdan. (Studies in Tudor Literature.) The Macmillan Company, New York.

**VIEW VERTICAL (THE), AND OTHER ESSAYS.** By Winifred Kirkland. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

WAR BOOKS

**GENERAL STAFF AND ITS PROBLEMS (THE).** By General Ludendorff. Translated by F. A. Holt, O.B.E. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

**NEW ENGLAND IN FRANCE, 1917–1919. A** History of the Twenty-sixth Division, U. S. A. By Emerson Gifford Taylor. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

**PASSING LEGIONS (THE).** How the American Red Cross Met the American Army in Great Britain, the Gateway to France. By George Buchanan Fife. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

**SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY'S DESPATCHES. (*June 1916-June 1917.*)** With Specially Prepared Maps and Portraits. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

**WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA.** By George Lansbury. Boni & Liveright, New York.

SCIENCE

**BEHAVIOR OF CROWDS (THE).** A Psychological Study. By Everett Dean Martin. Harper & Brothers, New York.

**NEW WORLD OF SCIENCE (THE): ITS DEVELOPMENT DURING THE WAR.** Edited by Robert M. Yerkes. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

**WILD CREATURES OF GARDEN AND HEDGEROW.** By Francis Pitt. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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An Anti-Defamation League, organized in 1913 to prevent the defamation of the Jews "and ultimately to put an end to unfair discriminations against all citizens of our land," is issuing a series of booklets in reply to charges against the Jews published in the Dearborn "Independent." The headquarters of the League are in Room 1228, Tribune Building, Chicago, Illinois. Readers who have been affected by reports of these charges would do well to consult these booklets. Whether they are free or sold, and, if sold, what is the price, the booklets do not state. One of them is written by Mr. Taft in a characteristic judicial tone, and is all that an impartial reader needs to convince him of the fraudulent character of the so-called "Protocols" which constitute the basis of the anti-Jewish charges.

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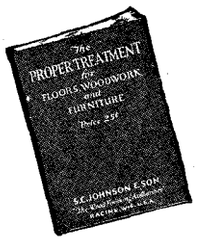


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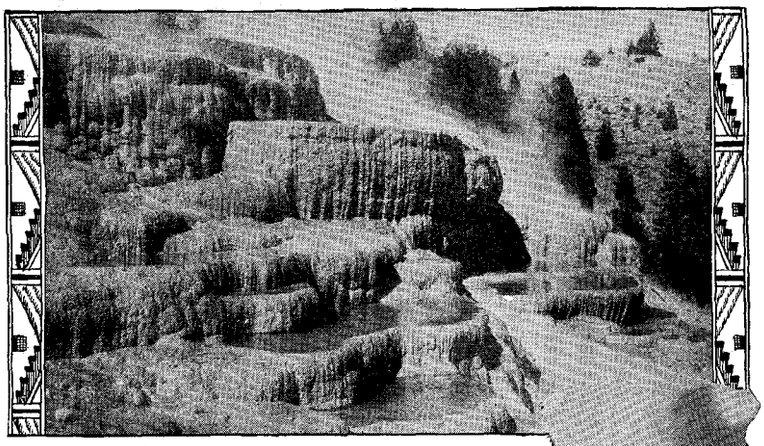

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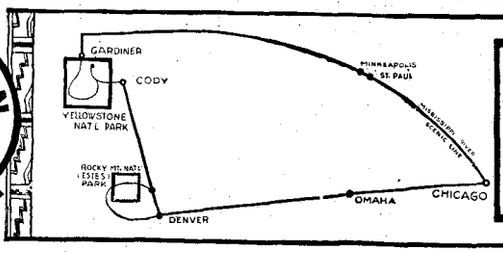


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# THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

## A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

### The Colombian Treaty

HOW were the rights of the United States to the Panama Canal developed in the course of the Clayton-Bulwer, the Hay-Pauncefote, the Hay-Herran, and the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaties?

What is the story of the secession of Panama from Colombia?

What does The Outlook mean by saying in its editorial on the Colombian Treaty in this issue that "anyway, Colombia lost a great opportunity even if she did throw it away by greed and attempts at extortion"? How did Colombia show greed and attempt extortion? Who was Marroquin? What did he do?

In your opinion, can cordial international relations be purchased? What are your reasons?

What do you think the leading factors in the creation and maintenance of international good will are?

What is your reaction to the idea expressed in the first paragraph of this editorial? Explain.

Why is it that any decision reached as to the ratification or rejection of the Colombian Treaty will be an important one?

Define carefully the following terms: *Apology, treaty, quid pro quo, tacit, reparation, disparage, adjuration.*

### The Cut in Railway Wages

What are the provisions of the Esch-Cummins Law? Has this law any bearing upon the question of railway wages? Explain.

For what reasons are the railways hard pressed at the present time?

Has an attempt been made to standardize railway wages in the United States? Would such standardization be a good or an evil thing? What illustrations can you give that would tend to prove your answer?

If the proposed reduction in wages in the various industries in the United States is an attempt on the part of business men to break the power of organized labor, is it a wise attempt? Can the spirit of organized labor be successfully suppressed? Does it do harm to attempt to suppress it?

Why has the problem of railway management always been a very difficult one in every country?

Each attempt to dispose of our railway problem seems only to have led to complications. What is your explanation of this?

Do you think railway employees justified in opposing any reduction in their wages?

If the railways cannot live on their present revenue, what remedies are open under existing conditions? Which one, with reasons, do you consider best?

What is the Railroad Labor Board's opportunity? Can this Board enforce its decisions?

You would do well indeed to read the chapter on the problem of our railways in Volume II of "Principles of Economics," by F. W. Taussig (Macmillan), and also the chapter on the same question in "Current Economic Problems," by W. H. Hamilton (University of Chicago Press, Chicago).

### Upper Silesia and Poison Gas

What, in brief, is the history of Prussian Silesia?

Can you make clear the aptness of The Outlook's comparison of the Germans pouring into Upper Silesia to the going of the "carpetbaggers" into the South after the Civil War? What is meant by "stuffing ballot-boxes in the best Tweed style"?

It is argued that such great resources as those of Upper Silesia ought not to fall into such untrained hands as those of the Poles. Have you any answer to this assertion?

Has The Outlook made clear why the election that is determining whether Upper Silesia shall belong to Germany or Poland is a very important matter to Americans?

Do you think it would be just for the Allies to destroy Germany's dye industry? Would such action be economically sound? If your answer to both of these questions is no, what do you think that the Allies should do in reference to Germany's dye and high-explosive industry?

Has this article on Upper Silesia an alarmist tendency? Discuss your answer somewhat at length.

### Roosevelt's Best Contribution to Democracy

What was Roosevelt's best contribution to you? For what reasons is the name of Judge Ben B. Lindsey so well known throughout the United States? Do you believe in the kind of work he stands for?

Senator Davenport believes that Mr. Roosevelt "did more to make democracy permanently workable than any other man in our history." How far can you go in an attempt to prove this?

What other useful contribution by Mr. Roosevelt to democracy than the one discussed by Senator Davenport in this article can you name? Why do you consider this contribution as important as you do?

Have you yet read "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time Shown in His Own Letters," by Joseph B. Bishop (Scribners); "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt," by Lawrence F. Abbott (Doubleday, Page); "Theodore Roosevelt; An Intimate Biography," by William R. Thayer (Houghton Mifflin)?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

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Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past forty years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable

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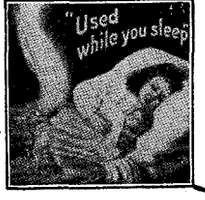


Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.

**THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.**
**62 Cortlandt St., New York,**
or Leeming-Miles Building
Montreal, Canada

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## CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

(©) Prince, New York

FREDERICK MORGAN DAVENPORT has held the chair of Law and Politics at Hamilton College since 1904. He is a member of the New York Senate and was Progressive nominee for Lieutenant-Governor of New York in 1912 and for Governor in 1914. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts; his home is in Clinton, New York. He has been a frequent contributor to The Outlook. Among his contributions have been sagacious and discriminating accounts of political conditions from the farthest East to the farthest West of the United States.

WILLIAM C. GREGG contributed "Interviewing Germany" in last week's issue of The Outlook. He is still in Europe. A president of an important manufacturing company, he has a practical rather than an academic view of economic conditions. He was recently identified with a campaign in defense of our National Parks against the encroachment of special irrigation and power interest. He has carried on considerable explorations in Wyoming in and around Yellowstone Park.

MEADE MINNIGERODE contributes the second of a series of sea tales. The first in the series appeared in the February 2 issue of The Outlook. He has contributed to the "Saturday Evening Post," "Collier's," and the "Ladies' Home Journal." He was born in London in 1887 of American parents. He went to school at Harrow, England, and was graduated from Yale in 1910.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT contributed an article on the diplomatic service to The Outlook for March 9. He has been an attaché of the American Embassy in Paris. He was a captain of infantry in the A. E. F. He served with the American Commission to negotiate peace, and was sent to Vienna and Budapest as member of the Austrian Field party, January to June, 1919. Since November, 1919, he has been in business in New York.

ARTHUR STIMSON DRAPER is London correspondent and European manager of the New York "Tribune." He has written extensively on war subjects for American and British publications. He was graduated from New York University in 1905.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS is a student at Balliol College, Oxford. He entered the army in 1917, at the age of eighteen, and became a lieutenant of infantry. He has recently made an extensive tour of the United States with the British University Commission, acting as secretary to Sir Arthur Everett Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, whose American impressions appeared recently in The Outlook.


# W. L. DOUGLAS

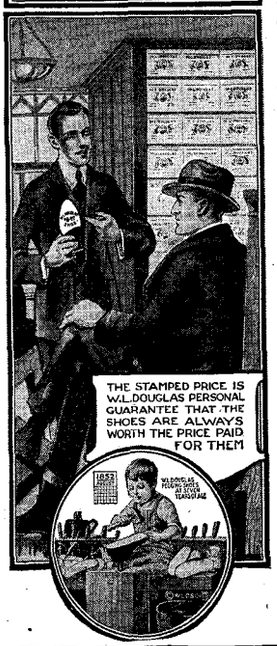
**Retail Price Reduced $8.00 SHOES** — Quality of Material and Workmanship Maintained

**Special Shoes** Hand Workmanship $10.00 | **Special Shoes** Stylish and Durable $6.00

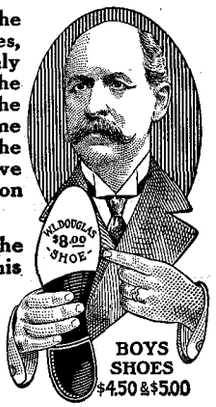
*FOR MEN AND WOMEN*

**THE STAMPED PRICE IS W. L. DOUGLAS PERSONAL GUARANTEE THAT THE SHOES ARE ALWAYS WORTH THE PRICE PAID FOR THEM**

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT




They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W.L.Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L.Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.




BOYS SHOES $4.50 & $5.00

W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

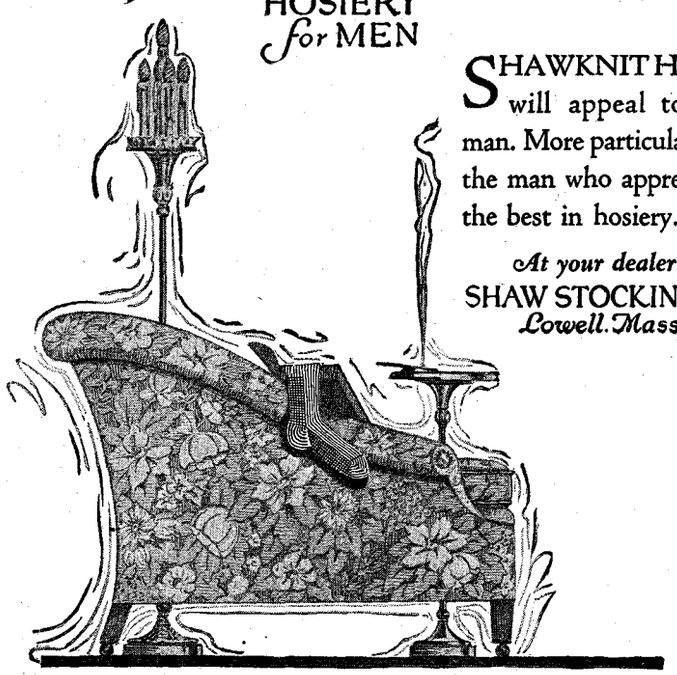
**CAUTION** Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

*W. L. Douglas*
*President*
*W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,*
*167 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.*

# Shawknit
TRADE-MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOSIERY *for* MEN



SHAWKNIT Hosiery will appeal to any man. More particularly to the man who appreciates the best in hosiery.

*At your dealer's*
SHAW STOCKING CO.
*Lowell, Mass.*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# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## THE FIFTH ESTATE

BY JOHN F. THORNTON, JR.
Of the National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Massachusetts

Edmund Burke said that there were Three Estates in Parliament, but in the Reporters' Gallery yonder there sat a 'Fourth Estate' more important far than they all.

—*Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."*

"THE business of banking is suffering from dry rot," said an Eastern banker to me the other day. "It is the result of years of inbreeding. The only remedy is immediate cross-fertilization with the brains and courage and energy of the commercial world."

My banker friend struck at the root of a problem which is bothering his brethren throughout the length and breadth of the land. American banking is in a state of evolution from which it will emerge a pulsating force in American life. But our bankers are seriously handicapped by a shortage of trained men in their institutions. The bank worker of the past has of necessity been more or less of a specialist in banking technique, and the narrow economic functioning of the average bank has not demanded of him a broad business training. Four distinct developments in the banking world within the past ten years


# Common Sense In Investing Money

WHY is it "easier to make money than to keep it?" Because, generally speaking, less common sense is used in investing than in other business matters. Too many investors fix their eyes on yield rather than security, and ignore the fundamental principles of safety. These first principles may be expressed very simply:

1. "Safety first", not second. Make sure of the quality of your goods before you look at the price tag, that is—satisfy yourself that the investment is safe before you even think of the interest return.
2. Select an investment that will free you from worry, care and management—that will not depreciate in price and worth.
3. Get a good return on your capital, but don't forget that an exorbitant yield is a danger signal, and that, generally speaking, the best and safest investments will give you only a fair, safe rate of interest.

Our new booklet, "Common Sense in Investing Money", tells clearly and simply how to select safe investments in the light of the above simple first principles. Write for it today. Ask for

*Circular D-1105*

## S.W. STRAUS & CO.

INCORPORATED
Established 1882

NEW YORK - 150 Broadway CHICAGO - Straus Building

OFFICES IN FIFTEEN PRINCIPAL CITIES

*Thirty-nine years without loss to any investor*

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have found him unprepared to assume new duties, and our banking leaders have begun to look to the young men now serving in the ranks of industry and commerce.

Perhaps wider publicity regarding the excellent opportunities offered will serve to stimulate the "cross-fertilization." Such a survey as this can, of course, merely point out the straws which show the way the wind is headed. The rest must be left to individual investigation and initiative.

THE BANK PUBLICIST

In the past the selling of a bank's service has been largely a social matter. Bank officers have been selected on the strength of their prestige and large followings. Club memberships and handshaking have been about the most potent arguments available to the banker who wished to induce a business man to transfer his account to his bank.

Hundreds of banks are still using this old-fashioned drummer style of salesmanship. But they are beginning to feel the lash and spur of competition. The business man is becoming educated to broad banking service. He realizes that any bank worthy of the name will care for his surplus funds, pay his checks, and discount his paper. Frankly, he wants "more."

The large wholesale houses maintain staffs of men who visit their dealers regularly, show them how to arrange their stores, and help them in a hundred ways to solve their business problems. The new bank salesmanship has many points in common with this "merchandising service." The bank salesman, or solicitor, acts as the intermediary between the bank and its client. Very often he has behind him a research department which furnishes him with material for his clients. Sometimes he must do his own research work. In either case, his duty is to see that the client does not become a mere name on the bank's books.

The banks of the country are beginning to concentrate their new business activities. They have begun to specialize; we already have cotton banks, live-stock banks, and banks with staffs of experts on leather, wool, the retail trade, and others. Openings are uncovered daily for men who are thoroughly acquainted with the ins and outs of distinct cross-sections of American business. They are emphatically "ground-floor" opportunities.

An interesting development in bank salesmanship is the inauguration of bank public-speaking classes. Our bankers are beginning to realize that it is good salesmanship to come out of their shells on public questions. You will find them active in town meetings, at community fairs, and at the big industrial and commercial conventions. In hundreds of manufacturing centers at the present time they are rendering real public service against the vicious alien propaganda which has penetrated American trade-unionism.

The same spirit of public service is manifesting itself in bank advertising. Here is an Eastern bank whose advertisements, week after week, boost its city as a shipping port. There is a small country bank whose advertisements are nothing more than serial explanations of crop-rotation, written for the guidance of a farming community in danger of becoming "worked out." Here, again, is a small-city bank whose only bid for public attention is a weekly announcement pointing out to young men some specific business opportunity within the city. It is trying to stop the drift to the larger centers of the community's most promising young men.

"We have appointed ourselves the economic guide and business statesmen of our community," explains the publicity manager of one of these banks. "In our advertising we say nothing about ourselves. *We simply ride our bank into public notice through association with things that are bigger than ourselves.*"

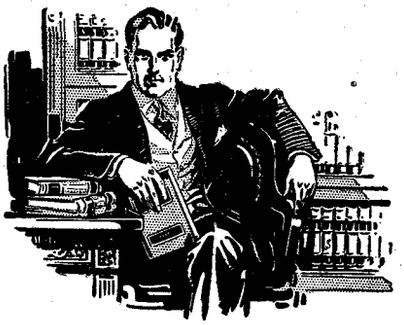
The new bank publicity has come to stay, and it holds countless opportunities for brains from the commercial world. But the commercial advertising man must realize that there is no place for bargain-counter copy artists. The demand is rather for students of community development and the economics of the present world order.

A NEW SCHOOL OF CREDIT MEN

At the present time credit is scarce among the banks of the country. When general conditions have improved, however, there will be evident a new credit policy in hundreds of banks.

Time and again in the past merchants and manufacturers have carried on negotiations with their banks at arm's length. Many times credit has been granted when it should have been withheld. There are thousands of business enterprises to-day struggling under loads of too much credit.

"The other day one of our salesmen advised a customer not to give us a twenty-thousand-dollar order," said the president of a machinery manufactur-

# The Careful Fiduciary

**realizes the value of a connection with a responsible investment house**

WHETHER an individual or an institution, the careful trustee, guardian, or executor appreciates the importance of surrounding himself with all possible safeguards in order to faithfully discharge the obligations of his position, of which one of the most important is frequently the investment of trust funds. Safety of principal in such investments is all important and it is here that a connection with a reliable investment house proves invaluable.

If inexperienced in investment matters, such a connection is essential, and even if experienced, the careful fiduciary will find satisfaction in backing up his judgment of securities with that of an organization of bond specialists.

Our organization includes among its clients a large number of institutions and individuals occupying positions of trust, who rely on the thoroughness of our investigations and the conservatism of our recommendations as a protection to their clients and themselves in the judicious selection of their bond investments.

May we send you our booklet, "Choosing Your Investment Banker," setting forth in further detail the history of our House, the nature of its policies and the character of our offerings?

*Ask for Booklet OM-2. You will incur no obligation*

**HALSEY, STUART & CO.**

*Incorporated—Successors to N. W. Halsey & Co., Chicago*

CHICAGO NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA BOSTON
DETROIT ST. LOUIS MINNEAPOLIS MILWAUKEE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# GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR

## *Where Cocoa Comes From*

*"Like the threads of a giant web ALL AMERICA CABLES radiate out from New York commercially enmeshing Central and South America."*

WHEN you drink your chocolate soda or sip your cup of cocoa, you are paying tribute to a sister republic just on the other side of the Equator. Ecuador produces a great portion of the world's supply of cocoa. Her panama hats are among the finest made. Her vegetable ivory supplies us with buttons, chessmen, chips and umbrella handles. Her mineral wealth has untold possibilities.

Guayaquil is the chief port of Ecuador. There you will find business men from the world over who have come to buy and sell. There also you will find a station of the ALL AMERICA CABLES to aid American business by providing a direct and American-owned means of cable communication.

To a great degree, the growing business and friendly understandings between the United States and our sister republics have been developed by this American-owned cable system. It is the only direct and only American means of cable communication.

JOHN L. MERRILL, Pres.
*Main Cable Office*
*89 Broad Street, New York*

*To insure rapid, accurate, and direct handling of your cables to all of Central and South America, mark them "VIA ALL AMERICA."*

# ALL AMERICA CABLES


FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

*(Continued)*

ing company recently. He was speaking at the directors' meeting of a large Middle Western bank. "This man thought he needed some of our machines. Our salesman put in an afternoon of study at his plant. He then recommended that our customer put in another type of machine which we do not manufacture.

"That is how our sales policy works. We are building for the future. The house that gives the buyer the best measure will in the end carry away the biggest order. Now, as bankers we are credit merchants. We sell the use of money for a fee. We must put this sales idea to work in our credit department. Two of our best customers have borrowed money of us recently, and I know it was unnecessary. Some day, when they have had more experience, they will discover that we allowed them to go under interest charges when they need not have done so. And they will carry their accounts away to some other bank that is willing to study their needs, with their interests in mind as well as its own."

This is the important development in the new bank credit. The steadily growing density of our population and the constantly growing complexity of modern commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural conditions are calling for a more highly specialized bank credit service. There is a responsive tendency among the banks to mold their credit service to distinct trades.

The old-time credit man's job revolved around statement analysis and balance-sheet appraisal. The ability to read a statement and to draw conclusions therefrom is still needed, and the new credit man must be equipped with a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping and accounting. But there is a broader basis for credit judgment to-day, and the credit man of to-morrow must be acquainted with the credit problems of the various types of business and their individual trends.

To men of analytical and deductive ability bank credit work offers unrivaled opportunities. But it is not the work for the man who is averse to constant study. Problems have been multiplied by acceptances and other credit instruments, and the Federal Reserve System will demand of the average credit man a broader education than he now possesses. If the credit man is not constantly studying trade conditions and new methods, he is standing still. And our future banking will have no patience with the man who cannot keep his place in the line of march.

THE PASSING OF PROVINCIAL FINANCE

"England has for many years acted as the world's banker," said the chairman of one of the five great English banks recently, "and she will, I am confident, continue to do so, although one of her customers may be richer than herself."

The development of the machinery through which our country is to play her new part in world affairs is now well under way. American banking is rapidly becoming an integral factor in a world banking system. The future holds promise of competition that will call for the best of America's banking talent. And our banking leaders are combing the country for men who can be trained to hold their own with foreign bankers.

It is a difficult search. I have canvassed the men at the heads of many of our largest and most active banks, and they all point to a serious shortage of men equipped for foreign banking. Our foreign exchange operations are for the most part in the hands of foreigners who have received their training in the big Continental banks. There are comparatively few American men prepared to engage in this complex and exacting work, although it holds some of the best-paid positions in banking.

But foreign exchange is only one department of America's international banking operations. Our seaboard banks and our interior banks are establishing foreign departments, through which they render practical assistance to their foreign trading customers. They are calling for a wide range of knowledge and experience. There are excellent openings for men who have been trained in export houses, ocean shipping companies, railway offices, and freight-forwarding houses. There is a shortage of men acquainted with the details of transportation—who are familiar with ocean routes, railways, and inland waterways, rates, terminals, and port facilities, and who have a working knowledge of document technique. Men are wanted who are familiar with foreign legal procedure, customs, and commercial treaties. Two banks recently bid against each other for the services of a young man who was fitted to advise clients on methods of entering foreign markets, the planning of foreign selling campaigns, and the adapting of commodities to foreign market requirements.

These are some of the accomplishments which will serve as passports to the most interesting and absorbing branch of the new banking. But the prospective international banker must be prepared for hard study. He must become a student of the present and prospective economic and financial strength of the major Powers, the plans for railway extension in foreign lands, the banking and currency systems of a dozen foreign countries, and the intricacies of foreign commerce and politics. He will be called upon to deal with an ever-changing variety of questions. The daily news of the world will have its bearing upon his work—the supply of gold at Simla, the crash of a foreign ministry, the appearance of the bubonic plague, an issue of Soviet notes backed by platinum reserves—nothing of moment can happen in any part of the world which he will not have to consider. There will be need for far more than routine and departmental thinking.

Provincial finance has definitely passed

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from American life. Our larger financial institutions are sending out representatives to establish branch banks in foreign lands. At present Latin America and the Far East have a special appeal to American bankers, but it is only a matter of time when they will undertake the penetration of Canada, South Africa, Europe, and Australia. All of these pioneering operations, which are doing much to establish the dollar as a familiar medium of exchange in the world's markets, are attracting the more adventurous spirits in banking.

But foreign service does not monopolize the interest of our younger bankers. There are those who maintain that the future of American banking lies in our undeveloped rural districts. It is a moot question. But the fact remains that country banking is beginning to attract many of our city bankers. They see here opportunities, not for high and strictly administrative positions, but for more modest constructive jobs.

Millions upon millions of fertile acres await the settler—and the banker. The trend of banking development is Westward, but there are distinct countermovements. The Southern States and the New England States are indirect beneficiaries of the enormous increase in land values that has occurred during the past two years in the Middle West. Farmers are moving into these territories, which are unbanked or underbanked. There are excellent opportunities for pioneer banking in Alaska, for "our last frontier" is attracting more and more outside capital.

"Some day," said a country banker to me recently, "the production and distribution of farm products will be placed on as sound an economic basis as the manufacture and sale of hats." That is the work to which the new country banker is committed. He is playing an important part in the great organizing process now under way in American agriculture. He has problems as weighty as those of any city banker. Better transportation, better market facilities, better schools, better rural living and social conditions—all are part and parcel of his daily work. The young man attracted to country banking as a career has two excellent inducements: a "close to the soil" existence and an opportunity for constructive service in the organization of our basic industry.

### "BACHELOR OF BANKING"

There is a big, new, wholesome spirit in American banking. That man is no longer accounted a successful banker who extorts the highest rate of interest possible on a loan or who has the least amount of overdue paper in his portfolio. "A successful banker is about one-fifth accountant, two-fifths lawyer, three-fifths political economist, four-fifths gentleman and scholar; total, ten-fifths—double size. Any smaller person may be a pawnbroker or promoter, but not a banker."

These are the words of the virtual founder of the American Institute of Banking. The Institute is a branch of the American Bankers' Association, and numbers more than twenty-five thousand

# What Chicago Means to the World

CHICAGO is the storehouse of the nation. It supplies the world with much of its food, clothing, and machinery. In its contribution of essential commodities alone, Chicago stands as one of the world's most necessary cities.

Its services are universal, its wealth and commodities are transported to the four corners of the earth.

The Continental and Commercial Banks are called upon to contribute banking service in keeping with the importance of Chicago's enterprise. They are qualified in resources, facilities, and experience to help the city serve the world.

**The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS**
**CHICAGO**

**Over $55,000,000 Invested Capital**


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# The First National Bank of Boston

Transacts commercial banking business of every nature

*Make it your New England Bank*

Capital, Surplus and Profits
$37,500,000


FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
*(Continued)*

bank officers, directors, and employees among its members. It has chapters in every large city at which, for a nominal fee, any bank employee may study under experts the fundamentals of banking.

These young men who are to direct the destinies of the banking interests of the country look upon banking not as a business alone, but as a profession. They point out the three old learned professions—theology, law, and medicine—and the younger journalism. They argue very convincingly on the qualifications of banking for admission to this group. It is but a matter of time when legislative recognition, together with appropriate action by our colleges, will make of an educated banker a doctor of finance or a master or bachelor of banking. The "Fifth Estate" is coming into its own. But it needs the quickening influence of new blood.


**FIRST FARM MORTGAGES AND REAL ESTATE BONDS**

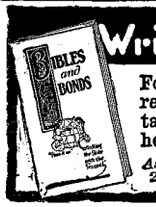
**Non-Speculative Investments Netting 6%, 6½%, and 7%**

During this period of after-war deflation, business must stand considerable strain and peril. Don't let high interest rates tempt you to forget safety of principal.

Well-placed First Farm Mortgages are the safest of all securities, being backed by the land itself.

During the 37 years we have been in business, our clients have never lost a dollar. Write today for descriptive pamphlet "S" and list of offerings.

**E. J. Lander & Co.**
ESTABLISHED 1883
Grand Forks, North Dakota




**Write for this Booklet**

**For Christian investors. You receive regular, generous, non-taxable life income. Your money helps a Christian enterprise.**

*Ask for Booklet I. American Bible Society 25 Bible House, Astor Place, New York.*

**INCORPORATE IN ARIZONA** Least cost. Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. Laws, blanks and directions free. Stockholders are exempt from corporate liability. **Stoddard Incorporating Co., Box 8-N, Phoenix, Arizona**

**YOUR WANTS** in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address **Department of Classified Advertising, THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., N.Y.**


## LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward Van Altena, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

## MUSICAL

FOR SALE — Handsome Estey organ. Splendid tone. Fine order. 9,593, Outlook.

## HELP WANTED

### Professional Situations

WANTED—Trained, registered nurse for rural district nursing. Locality 30 miles from New York City. Salary $100 per month with board, lodging, uniforms, and equipment. Reply to Mrs. C. B. Mitchell, Chairman Nurse Committee, 152 East 35th St., New York City.

### Business Situations

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors: no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

NURSERY GOVERNESS. Young Protestant woman for two little boys. Central New York suburbs of Albany and Troy. 9,537, Outlook.

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries: Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5. Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee; housekeepers, matrons, dietitians, governesses, secretaries, attendants, mother's helpers. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

## HELP WANTED

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Young gentlewoman of refinement and culture, fond of the country, who would appreciate quiet home life with lady requiring *companion-nurse. Must have good* health. Full particulars and references desired. 9,516, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper or practical nurse for two children aged 1½ and 3 years. In Friends' family, Germantown, Phila. Permanent position. References required. State salary. 9,596, Outlook.

WANTED—Man and wife without children as caretakers for small country place in northern New Jersey. Man must have thorough knowledge of the care of cows. 9,597, Outlook.

### Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED for colleges, public and private schools—all sections country (some foreign openings). Walter Agnew, 1254 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

WANTED—Experienced nursery governess, Protestant, age 30-40, refined, educated, adaptable. Highest references essential. Position permanent. Two children, ages 6 and 4 years. Summit, N.J. Wages $80. 9,560, Outlook.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Business Situations

POSITION as secretary wanted by woman with nine years' experience as responsible secretary in boarding school. 9,531, Outlook.

WANTED, July and August, in religious or social work. Experienced. 9,580, Outlook.

EXECUTIVE position wanted for summer by experienced, capable, cultured woman. References. 9,585, Outlook.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Business Situations

WANTED, by young woman, university graduate, stenographer six years' experience, desiring to travel to Far East. position as *secretary to pay portion traveling expenses.* Intends joining relative in Ceylon. 9,571, Outlook.

WOMAN with unusual school experience desires position of trust, preferably in boys' school. Exceptional references. 9,569, Outlook.

POSITION as executive social secretary desired by lady with five years' experience. Will travel. Outlook, 9,577.

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVELING CALIFORNIA. Trained attendant and kindergartner would take charge invalid or children. References. 9,507, Outlook.

POSITION as matron in a school by woman who has had large experience. 9,582, Outlook.

TWO young English ladies, hospital trained, require position in family, care of children. Out West, if possible, preferably together. Excellent testimonials. One year in this country. 9,581, Outlook.

WANTED — Position as traveling companion by young lady. Speaks French and Spanish fluently. 9,583, Outlook.

CULTURED middle aged widow desires position as companion to elderly lady in refined home. 9,587, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged woman desires position as companion to lady or semi-invalid. Used to traveling. Ten years' experience with elderly people. Best references. 9,588, Outlook.

MATRON - housemother desires change. Housekeeping experience. 9,592, Outlook.

CULTURED, refined English woman, 10 years' experience as tutor, accustomed to driving machine, desires position as companion or secretary. B. A., Station M, Box 66, Los Angeles, Cal.

MANAGING housekeeper. Widower, doctor's or bachelor apartment. 9,568, Outlook.

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SUMMER position wanted by French lady as traveling companion abroad. Highest references. 9,590, Outlook.

WANTED—*Position as matron or managing* housekeeper in institution near New York City. In present position 9 years. 9,561, Outlook.

TRAVELING COMPANION—Summer—preferably France. Young lady, French, excellent musician, brevet, references. 9,576, Outlook.

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YOUNG woman as companion, governess, for summer. Will travel. 9,574, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, experienced, American, Protestant, young, educated, capable, entire charge of children, sewing. 9,573, Outlook.

### Teachers and Governesses

PRIMARY teacher wishes position with family going abroad. Excellent references 9,533, Outlook.

YOUNG man, university graduate, wishes position as tutor or companion during next summer. Three years' experience. Accustomed to outdoor life. 9,508, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER desires position next September in high class school. Boys preferred. 12 years' experience. Highest references. Will teach 2d, 3d grade. Summer position also desired. 9,589, Outlook.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, university instructor, will tutor or be companion to one or two boys during summer. Experienced Highest references. Would teach French 9,991, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—nursery governess—cultivated young woman, seeks position with family going abroad this summer. Experience in teaching, physical care, German, French Excellent references. 9,563, Outlook.

TEACHER of French desires position as companion or governess. College graduate References. 9,564, Outlook.

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### MAINE

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**CAMDEN, MAINE**
For rent, three furnished summer homes. One nine bedrooms, three baths, three fireplaces, furnace, laundry, garage with chauffeur's room, $1,200; one seven bedrooms, bath, two toilets, $600; one for five persons, shore bathing, $200. Wilder W. Perry, Camden, Me.

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**CAMDEN, ME.** For rent, several high-class seashore cottages, fully furnished. Choice locations. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

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**Moosehead Lake, Maine**
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### MASSACHUSETTS

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## Property Wanted

**WANTED** Furnished, Maine Coast, for season, small, attractive cottage, living-room, three or four bedrooms, bath, kitchen. Best references. 4,509, Outlook.

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OLD FASHIONED HOMEMADE JAMS. Order now for next summer. Hickory Hill Jam Kitchen, Essex, N. Y.

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WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

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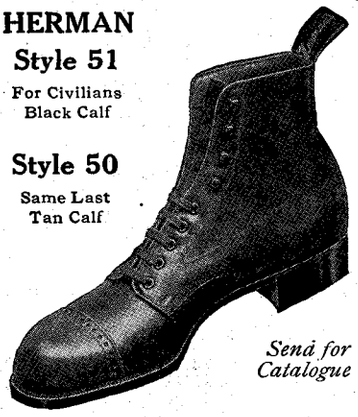

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# BY THE WAY

THE futility of dry-as-dust definition in teaching children is well characterized in an article in the "Atlantic." The teacher, as quoted, says:

"'What is the rule for the subjunctive mood? Can't anybody remember that? Why, we had it just the day before yesterday. I will write it on the board; for that is something you must know before you go on to the next grade.' She writes:

"*The subjunctive mood is used in a subordinate proposition when both contingency and futurity are expressed, or when the contrary fact is implied.*

"The children look at it somewhat as a puppy looks at the house cat with its back arched and tail inflated; they look at it reproachfully, and turn away sadly."

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The word "bloody" as an expletive is under the strictest taboo in English newspaper offices, even in reports of police court cases. An English editor says that when he was a reporter his chief blue-penciled the report of an electioneering speech which contained Macaulay's line, "For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray." This appeared as "such a —— fray."

---

A sign that is likely to arrest the attention of the most indifferent driver of an automobile is to be seen in San Antonio, Texas. It reads:

Did the Driver of this
STOP, LOOK, LISTEN?

Just above this sign, on a large platform, is a wrecked automobile. The crumpled-up remains of this machine were the result of a recent accident on the San Antonio and Aransas Pass road, which adopted this novel method of cautioning reckless drivers of cars.

---

The National Museum at Washington received last year the enormous total of 216,871 specimens. One of the most notable of these is described as "the large 6-inch naval gun which fired America's first shot in the World War." A captured German airplane was also contributed. A typewriter patented in America in the year 1829 is among the mechanical objects donated. Of interest to women are mementoes of Susan B. Anthony and, for the series of costumes of mistresses of the White House, a black velvet dress worn by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and a part of the inaugural dress of Mrs. James A. Garfield.

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In one place in Vienna, the Bulletin of the American Relief Administration says, there is a condition of unwonted activity. It is called the Dorotheum—a vast Government pawnshop. Its clerks, even, are now in some cases notables of former days. "An Admiral who was the hope of the Adriatic Navy is banging at a typewriter," says the Bulletin's correspondent. "I shook the hand of a General earning ten dollars a month, who once made the Allies tremble by his prowess against the Russians. In another room was an art gallery guarded by an ex-engineer of European reputation who now survives chiefly on tips. The pictures he guarded were all for sale, many the work of famous modern painters. The cheapest was a signed Russian landscape. It would have cost thirty cents in our money. The dearest, frame and all, could have been mine for six dollars."

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Standing behind a window in this municipal pawnshop, the writer of the article above quoted from saw the hands that were pushing in their dearest possessions. "I remember one pair," he says. "They were the supple hands of an artist. I could make out, beyond, his firm, clean-shaven face. Beside him a young woman was standing. When he pushed the jewelry across the counter, she made a regretful gesture. The parcel contained a woman's bracelet, a man's cuff links, a gold watch-chain, and a wedding ring. It was the wedding ring that gave me the meaning of the gesture."

---

"Central" often has a hard time of it with impatient subscribers. "Harper's" tells of a new source of trouble. Little Margery wanted to talk with a friend, so her elder sister gave her the 'phone number and let her call Central. A few days later the little girl called again. Central asked her for the number. Margery explained vehemently:

"Central, I want the number I had Thursday. Don't you understand? The same number."

---

Sympathizing in advance with President Harding when he finds himself besieged by callers, a writer in "Collier's" says that Mr. Harding might adopt the Roosevelt system. "It is an extension of the move-along handshake used at big receptions," he says. "The First Citizen grasps your right hand with his right hand, placing his left at your elbow at the same time, and even as he expresses his unbounded delight at seeing you, his right hand pulls and his left hand pushes, seeing to it that you do not remain to share his delight too long."

---

Songs that are whistled throughout the world for a season are seldom associated with their authors, the whistlers being content with the tune and the rhymes. One such author, as noted in the "Dramatic Mirror," is Billy Jerome. He was born in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson and began writing songs in 1883. His popularity began with "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl," went on with "Any Place I Can Hang My Hat is Home Sweet Home to Me," was heightened with "Mister Dooley" and "Bedelia," and is now, "Billy" believes, at a climax with his latest song, "That Old Irish Mother of Mine."

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Answering our inquiry in this column February 23 as to century-old "going" businesses, a reader sends us the letterhead of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg branch, Canada, which reads: "Incorporated A.D. 1670." "Two hundred and fifty-one years old," he says, "and the concern is 'still going strong.'"

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